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IBANT OBSCVRI

an
experiment in the classical
hexameter
by

ROBERT BRIDGES

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PREFACE

THIS book has grown up round a paper on Virgil's Hexameter, published by my friend Mr. Desmond MacCarthy in the New Quarterly, Jan. 1909. The late Mr. Horace Hart undertook to carry out my scheme for the reprinting of this, but it was interrupted by his illness & consequent retirement from the post of Controller. His death put an end to a long & friendly collaboration, which I welcome this opportunity to record; since it was due to his patience & enthusiasm for typography that my wishes had been carried out in the production of several books, especially the Yattendon Hymnal, 1895-9, when his present successor, Mr. Hall, who in 1915 printed 'The Spirit of Man' for me, gave us his valuable assistance. In the completion of this volume I owe much to the Press Reader, Mr. W. S. Gibson, especially for his supervision of the printing of the Greek text.

R. B.

CHILSWELL, Nov. 1916.

IBANT OBSCURI

WHETHER quantitive hexameters can be made congenial to English speech I do not inquire: I have experimented in writing them; and as such an attempt will certainly be judged by current notions of Latin verse, I would guard mine with a prefatory consideration of the Virgilian hexameter. The explanation, as I conceive it, of the way in which the conditions of the Latin language determined the rhythms of the Latin verse should forbid the idea that the English hexameter ought to be like the Latin hexameter: while analysis of the more exceptional forms of Virgil's verse should lead any one—although he had never studied them before—to recognize and even welcome at first hearing many of the natural English rhythms, which he might otherwise have found strange: and he will then be disposed to judge the English hexameter on its own merits, rather than condemn it by impatient comparison with an imperfect notion of something with which he should never have expected it to show close correspondence.

I shall confine my illustrations of the Latin verse to Virgil's work; but this necessary convenience will exclude nothing of present importance: for Virgil only developed the solution which he found established, and no subsequent poet showed any desire to break off from his model.

The problem which the Latins undertook was how best

to represent the Greek epic verse in their own speech,[1] and the main difference which a student will first observe between model and copy is the more inflexible and regular type of the Latin, and especially the fact that whereas in Homer only some half of the lines have their last two feet accentual[2] (that is, regular in their accent), in the Latin over ninety per cent. of the verses carry what an Aristophanes might have called the 'strawberry jampot' ending: and it is this peculiarity of the Latin that has determined the English notion of the hexameter rhythm.

I must for convenience omit at present any consideration of the spondaic ending, and speak only of the common type,

[1] And to effect this they imposed on their own strongly stressed speech the same artificial distinction of syllables into two lengths, long and short, which the Greeks or some other Aryan family had imagined and perfected for the scientific basis of poetic rhythm. As the beauty of the Greek results determined the Latin imitation, so their success may in turn encourage us in a similar venture: and good scholars have held that English might attain a nearer likeness to the Greek than was possible in Latin.

The scientific reason of the quantitive system (which does not, I think, appear in the grammars) would seem to be as follows: The Greeks knew—and any one may discover it for himself by reading aloud—that there are only three means whereby speech-rhythms can be expressed in reading or chanting, namely by variety in the *loudness*, or in the *pitch*, or in the *duration* of the syllabic units. Of these three means of expressing rhythm the *length* of the unit is the only one that will give rhythm (or anything that is worth calling rhythm) without the aid of either of the others. Hence it was argued that the quality of length was the most fundamental rhythmic quality and the true basis of speech-rhythm. Then the practical difficulty appeared that the syllabic units were of indeterminate length. Now the inventors of the Greek system agreed to be contented with two lengths, and made artificial rules for all rhythmic composition, by which every syllable was pronounced as either long (= 2) or short (= 1): and this distinction had to be learned just as we should have to learn the rules of an analogous fiction in English, for in their common speech the Greek syllables were as various in length as ours are. This artifice was justified in the result. Any well-conducted experiment in English should be of interest; but it is of course necessary for the syllabic fiction of long and short to be understood and practically enforced; and unfortunately English classical scholars do not observe it even in their reading of classical verse: nor do they even consider it important to pronounce Latin as the Latins pronounced it, though that is indispensable to any appreciation of the rhythm of their poetry. There is therefore no audience for the English experiment.

[2] Assuming, as we may assume, that the hexameter is a falling rhythm: *i. e.* with its normal and typical accents on the first syllable of each foot. Hence regular falling feet are called accentual; and that term is extended in English to denote any feet that observe the accent, even while neglecting the prosody or 'quantity' of the syllables.

in which the fifth foot is a dactyl. The spondaic verse, in which the fifth is a spondee, makes no exception, but follows the same rules, and I will treat of it later. In speaking of both together it is difficult to avoid confusion without constant discrimination.

Now the cause of this predominance of the accentual ending (´– ⏑ ⏑ ´– –) in Latin is simple and plain. It is, as Quintilian observes, an absolute rule [1] in Latin that all words with a long penultima are accented on the penultima, and all that have the penultima short are accented on the antepenultima: whence it follows that, if the line must end with the end of a word, there are (excluding monosyllables) only two possible collocations of words which will not give the two accentual feet: and these are when the first short syllable of the dactyl in the fifth place begins a word, disyllable or quadrisyllable, as in the following lines—

> Turnum, qui volucri curru medium secat agmen.
> Et nunc ille Paris cum semiviro comitatu.

and even in these cases the last foot is accentual, while if a monosyllable precedes the verbal pyrrhic, as it frequently does,[2] then the fifth foot also is practically accentual.

Concerning verses with this type of irregular ending, and of the rhythms obtained by introduction of monosyllables at the end of the line, and of other unaccentual endings I intend to speak later. Though they are deliberately used by Virgil, and though it can be shown that he sometimes set the common prosody at defiance in order to obtain their effects, they were yet used sparingly, and much more sparingly than they would have been had they been on equal terms with the regular accentual ending.

They were therefore, at least in some measure excluded: and if so, what was the reason for their exclusion? The answer is easy.

[1] The exceptions are truly negligible.

[2] Virgil never uses a monosyllable before a quadrisyllable in this place.

If the condition which makes polysyllables give accentual feet at the end of the line is that the line ends with the end of a word, then it must equally happen that the cæsura, being the break of a foot between two words, will give an unaccentual foot.

The only ways by which Virgil could avoid an unaccentual or inverted foot in cæsura were, first, the introduction of monosyllables—

> Tuque adeo, quem móx quae sint habitura deorum.
> Dicam equidem nec té suspensum, nate, tenebo.
> Per gentes erit aút famam patieris inultae.
> Spicula, tanquam hæc sít nostri medicina furoris.
> Nec nulla interea ést inaratae gratia terrae.

Secondly, the unequal division of a dactyl—

> Sit mihi fas audíta loqui, sit numine vestro

Thirdly, elision—

> Æneas strictámque aciem venientibus offert:
> Dis quamquam geniti átque invicti viribus essent.

Though all these devices are sometimes sought and used, yet the main tendency is overruling, namely, for the cæsural foot to be unaccentual, while the two final feet are accentual: and it is the same cause giving these opposite results.

Now if the speech be allowed to contradict the normal falling accent in mid-line, then the enforcement of the normal accent at the end of the verse becomes more desirable; and so one may say that the prevalence of the natural condition of an unaccentual cæsural foot requires the prevalence of the natural condition of the accentual ending.

The conditions being undoubtedly as described, Virgil accepted them. What he might have done had he fought against this inherent bias of the language, and whether his followers might not by some innovation have escaped drowning in his tradition, are matters beyond our inquiry. The

world has hardly seen a better artist; and that he chose to follow the practice which he found established in his time, and to work within its lines, is evidence that he either approved of it or could not escape from it.

The final feet, then, are by preference accentual, because the mid-line is habitually unaccentual: and this is the type, *viz.* the first foot is generally accentual or falling; then around the cæsura in mid-line an unaccentual section of rising feet occurs, which may invade the second foot; and as invariably the end of the line reasserts the normal falling rhythm. It is a pleasant effect, there is no doubt of that, but it is impossible to overrate the skill with which Virgil has handled it: for it is in danger of being somewhat monotonously strong-featured. In continuous iteration it is best adapted to please those who are most easily pleased, or who read only a little at a time: but this is a popular advantage, since the majority will always prefer a rhythm that keeps to the ruts.[1]

The typical features of the Virgilian rhythm being thus traced to the conditions of Latin speech, the absurdity of imposing them upon a language to which they are foreign is made evident. If the Latin language had possessed spondees like our conceal, embark, entomb, o'erpass, ordain, survive, enchain, unvext, unseen, invade, condemned, endure, (which

[1] I have found that most people who think that they can read poetry well intone it in a monotonous sing-song or drawl on few notes of small compass and regularly recurring accent: and this gives them the pleasure and satisfaction of a competent performance; and I have known poets who read in that way, though they were, as I knew, appreciative of the very irregularities of rhythm which their recitation obliterated. Others read poetry in what is called a dramatic manner, enforcing the sense even at the expense of the verse-structure. Others again object to all actual recitation, holding that it can never attain to the ideal utterance which the silent reader enjoys in his imagination. I myself like a reading which expresses the play of the poetic rhythms; and I find monotony as tedious as it is easy to produce, and I suppose that poets like Virgil, Dante, and Milton would have excelled in monotony if they had aimed at it; and that the irregularities in their work are not the measure of their capacity to write regular verses, nor of their carefulness, but rather the indication of how much liberty they thought they might venture in obtaining the beautiful effects of varied rhythm without utterly alienating the average audience to whom they were bound to appeal.

I transcribe from the ends of verses in my paraphrase), then Virgil would have put such words both at the end of his lines to avoid the normal accent, and in his cæsural places in order to obtain it; and his actual types would have been more varied. An English writer who should attempt hexameters on Virgil's model can have no notion of those first principles of art which governed Virgil's practice: the very chiefest of which is to exhaust the capabilities of the material, and not to seek to do that which the nature of the material forbids. The Latin language as a rhythmic medium is in some qualities far superior to English, but this is an inherent difference which no artistry can obviate; the English language has on the other hand its own proper qualities, by which it is in some respects superior to the Latin: and there can be no worse folly in an artist than to forgo the advantages of his own medium in the hopeless pursuit of a likeness to the work of some recognized genius, who had to wrestle with another set of difficulties in another material, and probably regretted the absence of those very opportunities which his imitator is neglecting in order to fake up the superficial features of his worthless copy.

It is unfortunate that our inability to read Greek as it was spoken forbids any close comparison of our English results with the Homeric model. The real question, however, will be not whether our verse is more or less like Latin or Greek, but whether it is agreeable to us: so that, whatever curiosity the parallelism might gratify, we may renounce it without any other than a sentimental regret. But we must ask whether our rhythms are agreeable in themselves; and since to most readers some familiarity with the rhythmical intention is necessary before they will even consider a rhythm, and since they admire, or are at least bound to respect, Virgil's rhythms, I propose by reference to Virgil to illustrate some of the rhythms which arise from the natural use of English.

And first the line with six normally placed accents. This, as will be guessed from what has already been said, is quite

easily obtained in English, and comes naturally enough. Here is a passage of consecutive lines from my paraphrase—

Fell by slumber opprest unheedfully into the wide sea:
Whom i' the gloom when hardly he knew, now changed in affliction,
First he addrest: 'What God, tell me O Palinurus, of all gods
Pluckt you away and drown'd i' the swift wake-water abandon'd?
For néver erst nor in else hath kind responsive Apollo
Led me astray, but alone in this thing wholly deluded,
When he aver'd that you, to remote Ausōnia steering,
Safe would arrive. . . .'

There is, of course, no parallel to such unbroken rhythm in Virgil; a single line with all its six accents regular is exceedingly rare. Here are a few, nor all these perfect,—

Omnia iam vulgata: quis aut Eurysthea durum.
Gaudia, mortiferumque adverso in limine bellum.
Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis.
Huc ades, O Galatea; quis est nam ludus in undis?
Armaque corporaque et permisti cæde virorum.
Falleret indeprensus et irremeabilis error.
Nec tamen, hæc cum sint hominumque boumque labores.

Such lines, though they need, as aforesaid, some contrivance to compose them, are rarer in Virgil than any difficulty of construction will account for; so that we must conclude that he did not consider the effect a pleasing one to introduce often. I think that the greater variety of the verse-type in English makes the frequent intrusion of the unbroken form very agreeable, and it is well suited to passages that ask for no special effect.

Any one may guess, from the comparative frequency of the normal line in English, that the English hexameter will be generally much more accentual than the Virgilian: and this is true. Counting the accents in about 600 lines of the Æneid I estimated[1] the average of normally placed accents

[1] There is some difficulty in estimating the proportion of true accentual feet; but in counting them I have used the same rules with Latin and English, not allowing weak

as less than 3·5 to the line, whereas in my paraphrase the figure was above 4·7, and some fourteen per cent. of my unaccentuals were mechanically transferred from Virgil with the proper names.[2]

Since, then, it is not the great number of unaccentual feet in my verses that can shock or trouble my readers, it must be their peculiar character or place in the line. I will consider this point.

English lovers of Virgil are sometimes strangely unaware of their tolerance of inverted rhythm in his verse. I have found such lines as these—

> Silvéstrem ténui Músam meditaris avena.
> Et fóntis sácros frígus captabis opacum.
> Dictǽos; hǽret láteri letalis harundo.
> Sunt géminae Bélli pórtae (sic nomine dicunt),

wherein more than all the first half of the line is contradictory to the normal accent, were unsuspected of irregularity : the reason being that the rhythm was familiar ; and if familiarity with such a gross contravention of the type can reconcile the ear to it, I suppose that an equal familiarity with other irregularities would have the same effect, and that if the irregular line-endings were only well recognized they would be favoured. I will take the chief irregularities in turn.

I. There is a well-marked and well-established rhythm which is accented thus: – ◡́ ◡ – –́

> Æole, namque tibi divum pater atque hóminum réx,

and Virgil was so satisfied with this way of signifying the

monosyllables or secondary accents which collided with main primary verbal stresses, e.g. *Et fontes sacros*, quoted on this page. Also I reckon a foot as normally stressed when it commences with a full accent, whether or no another strong accent occur within the foot, as will often happen in English.

[2] If these names, pronounced as an English reader pronounces them when reading Virgil, are unsatisfactory to him in my paraphrase, they may serve to suggest to him that he has not been accustomed to read Virgil aright; and, indeed, they do not scan if pronounced in English fashion. They should not occur in an English poem, which should use, if possible, English forms of the names.

dignity of Jupiter that he adopts it as a formula; other lines are—

> Vertitur interea caelum et ruit Océano nóx.
> Tum variae inludant pestes: saepe exíguus mús.
> Quae vigilanda viris? vel cum ruit imbríferum vér.
> Prima vel autumni sub frigora, cum rápidus sól.
> Litoreis ingens inventa sub ilícibus sús, etc., etc.

Now if a student is not thoroughly familiar with this rhythm, and does not recognize it at once as one of the proper rhythmical closes of an hexameter verse, his acquaintance with the subject is insufficient, and his opinion or taste can be of no value. The effect was definitely sought by Virgil, and the accent on the last syllable, at which I find English readers most often shy, is in one sense exquisite, for there are only two ways by which it can be obtained in Latin: one way is the use of a monosyllable, and Virgil enlists all these: dis, rex, sus, vis, bos, gens, res, mons, mens, nox, spes, vir, mus, sol, se, te, huc, hinc, hos, quem, quam, quo, quos, jam, ceu, stet, est.[1] The other way is by eliding the unaccented last syllable of a polysyllable before a vowel initialling the following line—a licence absolutely forbidden by the prosody, which allows short unclosed vowels at the end of a line even when the next line begins with a vowel. But Virgil, in order to secure an accent on the last syllable has arbitrarily set this understanding aside, running lines together without warning or analogy, and eliding nepotésque, rudentésque, Latinórum, etc. Though the last syllable of the line is by this device accented, as in the lines above, the liberty is used to obtain a different rhythm, which will be given under III. I introduce it here to convince a prejudiced reader that the inversion of the sixth foot was really agreeable to Virgil's ear; and to sustain my assertion that had there

[1] Rarely some of these words (it may be objected) are possibly to be reckoned as enclitic, in which case they are not pertinent examples. There are, of course, all grades of force in their stresses.

been spondaic words in Latin, as there are in English, accented on the last syllable, he would have used them freely in this place.

Now the very beautiful rhythm of the lines quoted above is altogether natural in English, and if English hexameters are to be written it must be accepted as familiar; here are a few examples—

Grieving at heart and much pitying their unmérited lót.
Men sinning have put away from thought till impénitent déath.
Hence is a road that led them a-down to the Tartárean streáms.
O'er my mortality's spoil cast thou th' all-hállowing dúst.
Next the sullen-hearted, who rashly with else-ínnocent hánd.
Or thinketh to have seen i' the gloaming her délicate hórn.

II. Another variety is that in which there are three accents in the last two feet disposed thus: –́ ⏑ ⏑́ – –́; examples are—

Auspiciis manifesta fides, sic fáta déum réx.
Massylique ruunt equites et odóra cánum vís.
Sternitur exanimisque tremens procúmbit húmi bós.
'Hic domus est' inquit vobis. iam témpus ági rés.
Consilium, et saevae nutu Iunónis éunt rés.
Dat latus, insequitur cumulo praerúptus áquae móns.
Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si fórte vírum quèm.
Expugnare Itali, summaque evértere ópum ví.

If this is really familiar and not deterrent to the reader of Virgil how shall he shrink from the endings of the following lines?

And had not the Sibyl warn'd how these lívely spírits wère.
Are the buried; nor ever may mortal acróss the lívid láke.
Wind borne with the current far-drifting, an' ón the sécond mórn.
He, rabid and distending a-hungry' his tríply-cávern'd jáws.
Fool, who th' unreckoning tempest and deádly dréaded bólt.
My fleet moors i' the blue Tyrrhene: all wíth me góeth wéll.
Thence the living creatures, man, brute and év'ry féather'd fowl.
Revisiting the ravisht lilycups, and áll the méadow húms.

III. Another variety has two accents separated as far as possible, thus: –́ ⏑ ⏑ – –́; examples are—

Imprecor, arma armis : pugnent ipsíque nepotés(que).
Et magnos membrorum artus, magna óssa lacertós(que).
Quo super atra silex iamiam lapsúra cadentí(que).
Iamque iter emensi turris ac técta Latinór(um).
Ecce furens animis aderat Tirýnthius omném(que).
Ærea cui gradibus surgebant límina nexáe(que).
Quem non incusavi amens hominúmque deorúm(que).
Omnia longaevo similis, vocémque colorém(que).
Sternitur infelix alieno vúlnere, cælúm(que).
Aut dulcis musti Volcano décoquit humór(em).

I have pointed out with what cost this effect has to be obtained in Latin : and yet I find the best scholars are inclined to think that it may have arisen accidentally from Virgil's having merely chosen the most convenient form of the sentence. But what a notion must they have of Virgil's resources if they suppose him reduced to finding a form of sentence convenient which not only broke the established rules of his prosody, but also gave an undesirable rhythm ! The true explanation is so simple: he desired an effect which he could only obtain by taking this liberty, and he preferred risking the liberty to renouncing the effect. But in English the number of spondaic words accented on the last syllable make this rhythm unavoidable, and naturally somewhat frequent: so that it is very satisfactory to find Virgil going out of his way to provide it ; examples from my paraphrase are—

Wailing Grief, pallid Infections, and héart-stricken Old-áge.
Of squalor infernal, Chārōn: all filthily unkémpt.
Of men and matrons; nor did death's ínjury concéal.
Journey, or e'er upon Earth his bones lie peácefully entómb'd.
Nor vain was the promise his name should etérnally survive.
He 'twas would sportively the guard of Tártarus encháin.
Hence the triple-throated bellowings of Cérberus inváde.

In the above examples some of the final spondees approach the condition in which both their syllables are practically equal as well in stress as in weight, as in the following line—

That bright sprigg of weird for so long period unseen.

This is an indigenous English effect, and a very good one:[1] but it was no doubt much more nearly approached in Latin than our common pronunciation of Latin exhibits. The history of the word *Infelix*, for example, shows that the negative prefix in it must have been spoken as regards stress and length very much as the *un* in our word *unseen*.

The forms already illustrated, namely—

– ◡́ ◡ – –́
–́ ◡ ◡́ – –́
–́ ◡ ◡ – –́

exhaust the possible varieties of rhythm when the accent is on the last syllable of the line, and the fifth foot is a dactyl; but when the last foot is normal there is this common rhythm—

IV. – ◡́ ◡ –́ –

most frequently made by a pyrrhic word (that is, a word of two short syllables) occupying the second half of the fifth foot. Thus we have—medium sécat ágmen . . . quantum sátis hástae . . . lucet vía longo . . ., etc., etc. But the pyrrhic word is more frequently preceded by a monosyllable, as—per juga Cynthi . . . tunc ego forti . . . et sua castra . . . aut mala tactu . . ., etc.; in which case the inverted condition is eased and the fifth foot might in some instances be considered as accentual and the ending normal. They may, however, be grouped together, and I have the following examples—

With ready naked point confronting their dreaded onset.
Whosoever thou be, that approachest my river all-arm'd.
Cast him a cake, poppy-drencht with drowsiness and honey-sweeten'd.
Name and shield keep fór-thee the place; but thy body, dear friend.

[1] In the above English examples these spondaic words, however equal their syllables, should not be in the least mispronounced in order to secure a falling rhythm. It is very commonly asserted that there are no spondaic words in English: those who assert this do not understand either English or Latin. They no doubt confuse stress and length, but their dictum, as they intend it, is truer of Latin than of English.

In this last line the two final syllables being almost indistinguishably equal in weight an effect is given of the retirement of the metre from the sense, as if it refused to meddle with the sentiment, which seems to me a very subtle beauty.

To whatever opinion I might incline, I am not contending, nor shall I, nor did I ever contend that quantitive classical verse should be written in English, nor have I pretended that any one but myself could be advantaged thereby. I was induced to experiment in it, and the experiment persuades me that if English hexameters are to be written, then such endings as I have illustrated must be used, because they are natural to the language. The inquiry, then, should be whether they are intolerable, or only tolerable, or actually pleasing. I have shown that Virgil uses them, and has sometimes gone out of his way to procure them: and that the reason why he did not use them oftener was almost certainly the condition of the Latin word-accent, which prescribed another form of verse. That condition being absent from English, his negative practice is no guide to us, but his positive practice with respect to them is of great weight.

The above examples of typical verse-endings have altogether omitted the spondaic ending. In my own experiments I have made much less use of this form than might perhaps prove to be desirable in English; and I do not know what withheld me, unless it were a wish to exhibit the possibility of writing true dactylic endings in opposition to the clumsy, club-footed dactyls of the Anglo-German type: for the spondaic ending is extremely easy to write in Latin or English, and a freer use of it than we find in Virgil or Homer might have brought me under suspicion of evading a difficulty.

V. The common accentual form of the spondaic line needs no illustration: but there is a peculiar form in which, the last foot being accentual, there is no accent whatever on the fifth foot. As there is a dactylic form corresponding with

this, I have reserved it in order that I might treat of them together; and this is the type—

–́ | – ⏕ | –́ –

There are three varieties of each kind, which the reader may lump together or discriminate as follows—

(1) Dactylic	(*a*)	–́	– ⏑ ⏑	–́ –
	(*b*)	⏑́ ⏑	– ⏑ ⏑	–́ –
	(*c*)	⏑ ⏑́	– ⏑ ⏑	–́ –
(2) Spondaic	(*a*)	–́	– –	–́ –
	(*b*)	⏑́ ⏑	– –	–́ –
	(*c*)	⏑ ⏑́	– –	–́ –

Examples of the dactylic are—

(1) (*a*) Seu mollis violae seu languéntis hyacínthi.†
Castorea, Eliadum palmas ˊEpiros[1] equórum.†
(*b*) Aërіae quercus aut coníferae cyparíssi.†
Et nunc ille Paris cum semíviro comitátu.
Lamentis gemituque et femíneo ululatu.
(*c*) Lyctius Idomeneus; hic ílla dúcis Meliboéi.
Tris Antenoridas Cereríque sácrum Polyboéten.
Altera candenti perfécta nítens elephánto.

Examples of the spondaic are—

(2) (*a*) Aut levis ocreas lento dúcunt argénto.†
Saxa per et scopulos et depréssas convállis.
(*b*) Ardea Crustumerique et turrígerae Antémnae.
Servabat senior, qui Parrhásio Evándro.†
Antiquum in Buten.   Hic Dardánio Anchísae.
(*c*) Quod fieri ferro liquidóve pótest eléctro.
Sceptra Palatini sedémque pétit Evándri.

The lines marked † are almost entirely unaccentual throughout except for the last foot.

It will be observed that, in all the (*a*) and (*b*) forms above,

[1] I have a note that Servius says that Virgil intended the Greek accent on *Epiros*; it does not matter if he did not; Servius' remark shows how Virgil's rhythms were understood in his day.

the fourth foot is unaccentual, whereas in (*c*) it is accentual,[1] a distinction which does not obtain in English: also that the unaccented fifth foot draws attention to its weakness by loving (as grammarians would say) to expose an hiatus in its bosom. This is not an accident, nor an experiment; the effect was well known, and Virgil would not have used it if it had had no significance or a bad significance to him. He must have liked it; and I believe that English scholars admire it; but the evident motive of the hiatus has, so far as I know, never been pointed out. I will only say of it here that whether or no the English hexameter be sufficiently perfected to indulge securely in such a peculiar beauty, I find the following verses in my paraphrase—

(1) Dactylic.

(*a*) As by an uncertain moonray sécretly illúmin'd.
Have the avenging Cares laid their sléepless habitátions.
They forthwith their journey renew, ténding to the wáter.
Whom when th' old boatman descried sílently emérging.
Through Ereban darkness, thro' fields sówn with desolátion.
Than wer' a face of flint, or of enscúlptur'd alabáster.
Where the spirits confin'd that await mórtal resurréction.
(*b*) Inquisitor Minos, with his urn, súmmoning to assémbly.
(*c*) Tearfully in once-lov'd accents he lóvingly addrest her.

(2) Spondaic.

I have, I believe, but one example of this kind of spondaic ending, *viz.*—

Wander'd through the forest-obscurity; and Æneas.

In this, though the fourth foot is regular, the weakness of the fifth is well marked: and it will be seen that more than half the English examples have the fourth foot normal, whereas in Latin it is only possible in the (*c*) forms. This fact, and a comparison, for instance, of such a line as *Than were a face* with *Seu mollis violae* will exhibit the sort of superiority which the English has over the Latin in respect of the command of regular accent.

[1] According to the principle in note 1, p. 7.

As for the irregularities, then, in the endings of my English hexameters, I wish that I may have rescued them from disrespect, for I have shown that their free rhythms were esteemed by Virgil. The only intelligent objection that I can foresee is that I use such endings more frequently than Virgil did. That is true enough; but it is quite a different objection from the assertion that they do not scan; and my real answer thereto would of course be that my undertaking was not to copy the Latin imitation of the Greek, but to make an analogous attempt in my own language. Waiving, however, this general position (which I confess it would be extremely inconvenient to maintain), and continuing to use Virgil for comparison, I would reply, firstly, that these rhythms are more natural and congenial to English than to Latin, and, secondly, that they can be more freely introduced in English because the English hexameter is generally more accentual than the Latin. For instance, in the 490 lines which I have paraphrased, the third foot is accentual in only about 100 lines of the original, which is little more than one in five, whereas in the English it is normal in over 300 places, which is three in five; and this argument cannot be set aside, namely, that the Latin hexameter was naturally unaccentual in one special place, and this condition being accepted by the Latin versifier made it necessary that the end of his line should generally reassert the normal rhythm. The English hexameter is free from this flaw; that is, it has no tendency to have an unaccentual cæsura and therefore not the same obligation to make an accentual ending; and to refuse this argument almost implies the contention that because the English verse is generally more accentual than the Latin it should therefore be completely accentual, and eschew all variety of inversion. My verse may not attract many readers: that is another matter; I can honestly say that I am truly sorry; but that I have not sought to please any prevalent taste.

I will finally illustrate my position, supposing that the

objection to the unaccentual places in my English lines is that they occur in unprecedented positions. Now the rule in Virgil is (as I have said) that the mid-feet of the verse are unaccentual, so that if the unaccentual feet in the *Æneid* were printed in a thicker type than the rest there would be a darkening down the middle of the page rather towards the left-hand side; whereas if my paraphrase were so treated, the darkening would be much less in quantity and more irregularly distributed; and that is the difference.

If it be asked, however, whether any of my dark patches are wrongly disposed, it is plain that I cannot ever have a dark patch where Virgil never has one, for there are no forbidden places. Examination has shown that the fourth, fifth and sixth places are sometimes all irregular, other lines have the first four feet inverted, and some have only one normal accent. And the variations in Virgil's rhythm are so rich that I do not think it likely that I can have written any line which could not be matched in his work, especially considering that his regular feet are only about 3·5 to my 4·7. If there were such a verse I should have thought that it would have been this one—

> Unfortun'd Theseus, while sad Phlegias saddeneth Hell,

for there is here only one normal accent, and that is in the fourth foot; and though one may find lines in Virgil with only one regular accent, the fourth place is not where I should first look for it; the following line, however, is in this condition—

> Litoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus,

the main accents are all in the same places, and in both lines the third foot is without accent. If one should object that in Virgil's line the fourth foot is quite regular, whereas in the English the first syllable of Phlegias carries an accent which tends to make that foot irregular—although it has its initial syllable sufficiently accented—it cannot be held that

this difference is essential in such a verse, because we have in—

> Tum variae illudant pestes, sæpe exiguus mus,

an example in which the fourth foot is also inverted, so that there is no one normally placed accent in all the line, unless the first be allowed to take its main accent from *Tum*, and that is no stronger than the *Un* of *Unfortuned*.

I cannot but think that, important as that sow was, prodigious and portentous, and worthy of a memorial line, yet Theseus and Phlegias have a higher claim to distort the rhythm. Indeed, there can be no doubt that the irregularity of Virgil's line is due to the homeliness and poetic poverty of the sow, who needed to be rigged out in some extravagant fashion in order to avoid a common bathos; and Virgil did quite rightly in not Castalianising her with melodious graces, by which the bathos would have been rendered more evident and ridiculous. In the artifice which he has used she renounces all claim to elegance, but asserts her importance.

The *exiguus mus* line may further illustrate this poetic method. He wishes to describe the constant petty annoyances which the farmer has to suffer from the pertinacity of vermin, and he inverts every accent in the line, with a real effect of uncompensated discomfort concealed in an admirable verse. Some critics need to be reminded how ridiculous it is to suppose that just at this place an artist like Virgil, a complete master of his material, happened to encounter a mass of insurmountable difficulties which made it impossible for him to get a single accentual foot into the line. And it is not more illogical to assert this than to suppose that the irregular endings which I have quoted from him, and his occasionally accentual cæsuras, were makeshifts and conveniences forced on him by his material. However suggested, they were approved contrivances of calculated effect: that they appear convenient is only because they are well used; the most regularly melodious lines appear equally convenient.

THE VISION OF ÆNEAS

a Paraphrase of

Aen. vi. 268–751 & 893–8, *and*

A CENTO

of previous translations

Æneas on first landing in Italy near Cumae went at once to Apollo's shrine there, & was saluted by the Sibyl who gave him a prophetic oracle. Æneas asked of her that he might be permitted to visit his father Anchises in the underworld: she bade him first find the golden bough, without which no living man might enter Hades. Æneas having found the bough, returned to the Sibyl, & made the sacrifice ordained by the Priestess; whereupon the magic was set in operation and the Sibyl led him into the darkness, where the vision began, as narrated by Virgil, commencing with the words Ibant obscuri. The vision is immediately preceded by these words of the Poet,

DI QVIBVS IMPERIVM EST ANIMARVM VMBRAEQ: SILENTES
ET CHAOS ET PHLEGETHON LOCA NOCTE TACENTIA LATE
SIT MIHI FAS AVDITA LOQVI SIT NVMINE VESTRO
PANDERE RES ALTA TERRA ET CALIGINE MERSAS

Consecutive examples of previous translations

GAWIN DOUGLAS
1513

THAY walkit furth so dirk oneith thay wyst
Quhidder thay went amyddis dym schaddois thare,
Quhare ever is nicht, & never licht doith repare,
Throwout the waist dungeoun of Pluto king,
Thay vode boundis, & that gousty ring,
Sicklyke as quha wald throw thik woddis wend,
In obscure light quhare mone may not be kend,
As Jupiter the King Ethereal
With erdis skug hydis the heuynnys al,
And the mirk nycht with hir visage gray
From every thing has reft the hew away.

Before the portis & first jawis of hel
Lamentacioun & wraikful Thochtis fel
Thare lugeing had, & therat duellis eik
Pale Maledyis that causis men be seik,
The fereful Drede & als unweildy Age,
The felloun Hunger with her undauntit rage:
Thare was also the laithly Indigence
Terribil of schape & schameful hir presence:

VISION OF ÆNEAS
Line for line paraphrase of Virgil
Aen. vi. 268–751
with the Latin interlined

THEY wer' amid the shadows by night in loneliness obscure
Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram
Walking forth i' the void and vasty dominyon of Ades ;
perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna :
As by an uncertain moonray secretly illumin'd
quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna
One goeth in the forest, when heav'n is gloomily clouded,
est iter in silvis, ubi caelum condidit umbra
And black night hath robb'd the colours and beauty from all things.
Iuppiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem.

Here in Hell's very jaws, the threshold of darkening Orcus,
Vestibulum ante ipsum primis in faucibus Orci
Have the avenging Cares laid their sleepless habitation,
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae ;
Wailing Grief, pallid Infections, & heart-stricken Old-age,
pallentesque habitant Morbi tristisque Senectus,
Dismal Fear, unholy Famine, with low-groveling Want,
et Metus et malesuada Fames ac turpis Egestas,

The grisly Dede that mony ane has slane,
The hard Laubour & the diseisful Pane,
The slottry Slepe Dedis cousing of kynd,
Inordinate Blithnes of perversit mind:
And in the ȝet forgainis thaym did stand
The mortal Battel with his dedely brand,
The irne chalmeris of hellis Furies fel,
Witles Discord that woundring maist cruel,
Womplit & buskit in ane bludy bend,
With snakis hung at every haris end.

And in the myddis of the utter ward,
With brade branchis sprede over al the sward,
Ane rank elme tre stude, huge grete & stok auld :
The vulgar pepil in that samyn hauld
Belevis thare vane Dremes makis thare duelling,
Under ilk leaf ful thik thay stick & hing.
Thare bene eik monstouris of mony divers sort,
The Centauris war stablit at this port,
The doubill porturit Scylla with thaym in fere,
Briareus with ane hundreth formes sere,
The byisning beist the serpent of Lerna,
Horribill quhissilland & queynt Chimera
With fire enarmyt on hir toppis hie,
The laithlye Harpies, & the Gorgonis thre,
Of thrinefald bodyis gaistly formes did grone,
Baith of Erylus & of Gerione.

ÆNEAS smertlie for the hasty drede
Hynt furth his swerd in this place and gude spede,
The drawin blade he profferis thare & here,
Unto thai monstouris ever as they drew nere :
And were not his expert mait Sibylla
Taucht him, thay war bot vode gaistis all tha,

Forms of spectral horror, gaunt Toil and Death the devourer,
terribiles visu formae, Letumque Labosque ;
And death's drowsy brother, Torpor ; with whom, an inane rout,
tum consanguineus Leti Sopor et mala mentis
All the Pleasures of Sin ; there also the Furies in ambusht
Gaudia, mortiferumque adverso in limine Bellum,
Chamber of iron, afore whose bars wild War bloodyhanded
ferreique Eumenidum thalami et Discordia demens
Raged, and mad Discord high brandished her venomous locks.
vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis.

Midway of all this tract, with secular arms an immense elm
In medio ramos annosaque bracchia pandit
Reareth a crowd of branches, aneath whose leafy protection
ulmus opaca, ingens, quam sedem Somnia vulgo
Vain dreams thickly nestle, clinging unto the foliage on high :
vana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub omnibus haerent.
And many strange creatures of monstrous form and features
multaque praeterea variarum monstra ferarum,
Stable about th' entrance, Centaur and Scylla's abortion,
Centauri in foribus stabulant Scyllaeque biformes
And hundred-handed Briareus, and Lerna's wildbeast
et centumgeminus Briareus ac belua Lernae
Roaring amain, and clothed in frightful flame the Chimæra,
horrendum stridens, flammisque armata Chimaera,
Gorgons and Harpies,[v] and Pluto's three-bodied ogre.
Gorgones Harpyiaeque et forma tricorporis umbrae.

In terror Æneas upheld his sword to defend him,
Corripit hic subita trepidus formidine ferrum
With ready naked point confronting their dreaded onset :
Aeneas strictamque aciem venientibus offert,
And had not the Sibyl warn'd how these lively spirits were
et ni docta comes tenuis sine corpore vitas

But ony bodyis, as waunderand wrachis waist,
He had upoun thame ruschit in grete haist,
And with his bitand brycht brand all in vane,
The tume schaddois smityng to have slane.

HENRY SMITH WRIGHT
1903

Here is the entrance to the path that leads
Down to the infernal stream of Acheron.
Turbid with mire and fiercely-eddying tide,
The rushing river belches forth its sand
Into Cocytus' pools. A ferryman
Of aspect grim, and clad in filthy garb,
Is guardian of the stream, Charon his name.
A tangled mass of hair unkempt and white
Covers his chin : with fiery eyes astare,
And grimy cloak, that from his shoulders hangs
Slung by a knot, he with a pole controls
The movement of his boat, and tends the sails
And ferries lifeless bodies o'er the flood.
Aged in years is he, but, in a god
Old age remaineth ever hale and green.

JOHN GIBSON
1889

Hither the whole crowd was rushing in streams to the banks, matrons and men, and bodies of high-souled heroes bereft of life, boys and unwed girls, and youths placed on the funeral pyre before the eyes of their parents.

All incorporeal, flitting in thin maskery of form,
admoneat volitare cava sub imagine formae,
He had assail'd their host, and wounded vainly the void air.
inruat et frustra ferro diverberet umbras.

Hence is a road that led them a-down to the Tartarean streams,
Hinc via Tartarei quae fert Acherontis ad undas.
Where Acheron's whirlpool impetuous, into the reeky
turbidus hic caeno vastaque voragine gurges
Deep of Cokytos disgorgeth, with muddy burden.
aestuat atque omnem Cocyto eructat harenam.
These floods one ferryman serveth, most awful of aspect,
portitor has horrendus aquas et flumina servat
Of squalor infernal, Chāron : all filthily unkempt
terribili squalore Charon, cui plurima mento
That woolly white cheek-fleece, and fiery the blood-shotten eyeballs :
canities inculta iacet, stant lumina flamma,
On one shoulder a cloak knotted-up his nudity vaunteth. 301
sordidus ex umeris nodo dependet amictus.
He himself plieth oar or pole, manageth tiller and sheet,
ipse ratem conto subigit velisque ministrat
And the relics of mén in 'his ash-grey barge ferries over ;
et ferruginea subvectat corpora cumba,
Already old, but green to a god and hearty will age be.
iam senior, sed cruda deo viridisque senectus.

Now hitherward to the bank much folk were crowding, a medley
Huc omnis turba ad ripas effusa ruebat,
Of men and matrons ; nor did death's injury conceal
matres atque viri defunctaque corpora vita
Bravespirited heroes, young maidens beauteous unwed,
magnanimum heroum, pueri innuptaeque puellae,
And boys borne to the grave in sight of their sorrowing sires.
impositique rogis iuvenes ante ora parentum :

As thick as the leaves fall to the ground
in the woods at the first chill of Autumn,
or as thick as the birds flock to land
from the deep ocean, when the chilly season
excites them across the sea
and sends them to sunny lands.
they stood there begging
to be the first to be taken across,
and stretched out their hands
in desire for the further bank.

A. HADRIAN ALLCROFT
1891

But the sullen boatman
takes in now these, now those,
whilst others he repels
and drives far from the beach.
ÆNEAS, wondering forsooth
and moved by the tumult, says,
'Tell me, virgin, what means
this flocking to the river?
Or what do the spirits seek?
or according to what distinction
do these leave the banks,
while those sweep the dark stream with oars?'
Thus briefly answered him the aged priestess.

T. SEYMOUR BURT,
F.R.S.: 1882

'Anchises' son, true offspring of the gods,
Cocytus' pools, and th' Stygian lake you see,

Countless as in the forest, at a first white frosting of autumn
quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo
Sere leaves fall to the ground ; or like whenas over the ocean 310
lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
Myriâd birds come thickly flocking, when wintry december
quam multae glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
Drives them afar southward for shelter upon sunnier shores,
trans pontum fugat et terris immittit apricis.
So throng'd they ; and each his watery journey demanded,
stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum,
All to the further bank stretching-oút their arms impatient :
tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore.
But the sullen boatman took now one now other at will,
navita sed tristis nunc hos nunc accipit illos,
While some from the river forbade he', an' drave to a distance.
ast alios longe summotos arcet harena.

Æneas in wonder alike and deep pity then spake.
Aeneas miratus enim motusque tumultu
'Tell-me (said-he), my guide, why flock these crowds to the water ?
'dic,' ait 'o virgo, quid vult concursus ad amnem ?
Or what seek the spirits ? or by what prejudice are these
quidve petunt animae ? vel quo discrimine ripas
Rudely denied, while those may upon the solemn river embark ?'
hae linquunt, illae remis vada livida verrunt ?'
T'whom[1] then briefly again the Avernîan priestess in answer. 321
olli sic breviter fata est longaeva sacerdos :
'O Son of Anchises, heavn's true-born glorious offspring,
'Anchisa generate, deum certissima proles,
Deep Cokytos it is thou sêest & Hell's stygîan flood,
Cocyti stagna alta vides Stygiamque paludem,

[1] Line 321. 'T'whom' is from Milton, in imitation of Virgil's admired Olli. It is not admitted in the ordinary prosody.

Whose power the Gods fear, swearing, to deceive.
All yonder crowd is tombless and unburied,
The ferryman is Charon ; those the wave
Conveys have burial received (at death).
But none may be transported o'er these banks
Of horror and these hoarse-resounding floods,
Unless their bones have rested in their graves.
A hundred years they wander by these shores,
And flit around until at last received,
They view the lakes (so) earnestly desired.'

JOHN JACKSON
1908

THE Child of Anchises paused,
  and, much pondering, stayed his steps,
pitying at heart their cruel doom.
There he beheld, all mournful,
  and guerdonless of death's last tribute,
Leucaspis, and Orontes, captain of the Lycian fleet,
who together had sailed from Troy over the windy deep,
and together were whelmed by the South,
  vessel and men alike engulfed.

OLIVER CRANE
New York 1888

LO ! Palinurus, his pilot himself was advancing to meet him,
Who had of late on the Libyan voyage, while watching the planets,
Off from the stern-deck pitched, outsprawled in the midst of the billows.
Him, when he knew him, tho' scarcely, demure in the thickening shadows,

Whose dread sanctiôn alone Jove's oath from falsehood assureth.
di cuius iurare timent et fallere numen.
These whom thou pitiedst, th' outcast and unburied are they ;
haec omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba est ;
That ferryman Chāron ; those whom his bark carries over
portitor ille Charon ; hi, quos vehit unda, sepulti.
Are the buried ; nor ever may mortal across the livid lake
nec ripas datur horrendas et rauca fluenta
Journey, or e'er upon Earth his bones lie peacefully entomb'd :
transportare prius quam sedibus ossa quierunt.
Haunting a hundred years this mournful plain they wander
centum errant annos volitantque haec litora circum ;
Doom'd for a term, which term expired they win to deliv'rance.'
tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revisunt.'

Then he that harken'd stood agaze, his journey arrested,
Constitit Anchisa satus et vestigia pressit
Grieving at heart and much pitying their unmerited lot.
multa putans sortemque animo miseratus iniquam.
There miserably fellow'd in death's indignity saw he
cernit ibi maestos et mortis honore carentis
Leucaspis with 'his old Lycian seachieften Orontes,
Leucaspim et Lyciae ductorem classis Oronten,
Whom together from Troy in home-coming over the waters
quos simul a Troia ventosa per aequora vectos
Wild weather o'ermaster'd, engulphing both shipping and men.
obruit Auster, aqua involvens navemque virosque.
And lo ! his helmsman, Palinurus, in eager emotion,
Ecce gubernator sese Palinurus agebat,
Who on th' Afric course, in bright star-light, with a fair wind,
qui Libyco nuper cursu, dum sidera servat,
Fell by slumber opprest unheedfully into the wide sea :
exciderat puppi mediis effusus in undis.
Whom i' the gloom when hardly he knew, now changed in affliction,
hunc ubi vix multa maestum cognovit in umbra,

Thus he abruptly addresses. 'Ah ! which of the gods, Palinurus,
Snatched thee from us, & plunged thee deep in the midst of the waters ?
Tell me, I pray, for Apollo, who never before was fallacious
Found, in this single response alone hath deluded my spirit,
Who was descanting that thou shouldst be safe on the deep, and at length wouldst
Come to Ausonia's confines. Is this, then, the faith that he plighted ?'

CH. Baron BOWEN
1887

'Son of Anchises' he answers, 'Apollo's tripod and shrine
Have not lied : no god o'erwhelmed me thus in the brine.
True to my trust I was holding the helm, stood ruling the course,
When by sad misadventure I wrenched it loose, and perforce
Trailed it behind in my fall. By the cruel waters I swear
Fear of mine own life truly I knew not, felt but a care
Lest thy bark, of her rudder bereft, and her helmsman lost,
Might be unequal to combat the wild seas round her that tossed.

Three long nights of the winter, across great waters and wide,
Violent south winds swept me, at fourth day's dawn I descried
Italy's coast, as I rose on the crest of a wave of the sea,

First he addrest. 'What God, tell-me O Palinurus, of all gods
sic prior adloquitur: 'quis te, Palinure, deorum
Plúckt-you away and drown'd i' the swift wake-water abandon'd?
eripuit nobis medioque sub aequore mersit?
For never erst nor in else hath kind responsive Apollo
dic age. namque mihi, fallax haud ante repertus,
Led-me astray, but alone in this thing wholly deluded,
hoc uno responso animum delusit Apollo,
When he aver'd that you, to remote Ausōnia steering,
qui fore te ponto incolumem finisque canebat
Safe would arrive. Where now his truth? Is this the promis'd faith?'
venturum Ausonios. en haec promissa fides est?'
But he, 'Neither again did Phœbus wrongly bespeak thee,
ille autem: 'neque te Phoebi cortina fefellit,
My general, nor yet did a god in 'his enmity drown me:
dux Anchisiade, nec me deus aequore mersit.
For the tiller, wherewíth I led thy fleet's navigation,
namque gubernaclum multa vi forte revulsum,
And still clung to, was in my struggling hold of it unshipt,
cui datus haerebam custos cursusque regebam,
And came with-me' o'erboard. Ah! then, by ev'ry accurst sea,
praecipitans traxi mecum. maria aspera iuro
Tho' in utter despair, far less mine own peril awed me
non ullum pro me tantum cepisse timorem,
Than my thought o' the ship, what harm might háp to her, yawing
quam tua ne spoliata armis, excussa magistro,
In the billows helmless, with a high wind and threatening gale.
deficeret tantis navis surgentibus undis.
Two nights and one day buffeted held I to the good spar
tris Notus hibernas immensa per aequora noctes
Windborne, with the current far-drifting, an' on the second morn
vexit me violentus aqua; vix lumine quarto
Saw, when a great wave raised me aloft, the Italyan highlands;
prospexi Italiam summa sublimis ab unda.

Stroke by stroke I was swimming ashore, seemed nearly to be
Safe from the billows : and weighted by dripping garments, I clave
Clutching my hands, to the face of the cliff that towered on the wave,
When wild people assailed me, a treasure-trove to their mind.
Now are the waves my masters, I toss on the beach in the wind.

G. B. WHEELER
1853

But by the pleasant light of heaven & air ; by thy Sire, I pray thee ; by the hopes of youthful Iulus, rescue me, unconquered one, from this sad fate ; or cast a little earth upon me, for thou canst, and seek the Velinian haven ; or do thou, by whatever means may be, if thy goddess-parent shows thee any mode,—for I believe thou preparest to cross these great rivers and the Stygian marsh, not without special aid of heaven,—give thy right hand to a hapless man, & bear me with thee thro' these waters, that at least in death I may repose in tranquil rest.'

JOHN BOYS
1661

But to him thus the prophetess replies,
'From whence doth this accurst desire arise ?
Think'st, Palinure, unburied to sayle o're
The Stygian sound, or to the other shore
Without thy passe-port wilt thou goe ? Forbear,

And swimming-on with effort got ashore, nay already was saved,
paulatim adnabam terrae ; iam tuta tenebam,
Had not there the wrecking savages, who spied-me defenceless,
ni gens crudelis madida cum veste gravatum
Scarce clinging outwearied to a rock, half-drowned & speechless,
prensantemque uncis manibus capita aspera montis
Beat-me to death for hope of an unfound booty upon me.
ferro invasisset praedamque ignara putasset.
Now to the wind and tidewash a sport my poor body rolleth.
nunc me fluctus habet versantque in litore venti.
Wherefore thee, by heav'n's sweet light & airiness, I pray,
quod te per caeli iucundum lumen et auras,
By thy Sire's memories, thy hope of youthful Iulus,
per genitorem oro, per spes surgentis Iuli,
Rescue-me from these ills, brave master ; Go to Velija,
eripe me his, invicte, malis : aut tu mihi terram
O'er my mortality's spoil cast thou th' all-hallowing dust :
inice, namque potes, portusque require Velinos ;
Or better, if so be the goddess, heav'n's lady-Creatress,
aut tu, si qua via est, si quam tibi diva creatrix
Show-thee the way,—nor surely without high favoring impulse
ostendit (neque enim, credo, sine numine divum
Mak'st thou ventur' across these floods & black Ereban lake,—
flumina tanta paras Stygiamque innare paludem),
Give thy hand-to-me', an' o'er their watery boundary bring me
da dextram misero et tecum me tolle per undas,
Unto the haven of all, death's home of quiet abiding.'
sedibus ut saltem placidis in morte quiescam.'
Thus-he lamented, anon spake sternly the maid of Avernus.
talia fatus erat coepit cum talia vates :
'Whence can such unruly desire, Palinurus, assail thee ?
'unde haec, o Palinure, tibi tam dira cupido ?
Wilt thou th' Eumenidan waters visit unburied ? o'erpass
tu Stygias inhumatus aquas amnemque severum

The stubborn Fates will not be bow'd by Pray'r :
Take this for solace of thy sadder chance,
By prodigies compell'd, th' Inhabitants
Both far, and neer, thy Manes shall appease,
And to thy memory a tomb shall rayse
After thy name to all Æternitie ;
The place shall Palinurus called bee.'
  This speech, the grief which he conceiv'd, abates :
He's pleased that hee that Coast denominates.

WALTER FARRER
1893

Therefore they proceed on the journey they have begun, and approach the river : whom soon as the mariner descried from the Stygian wave, passing through the quiet grove and turning their footsteps towards the bank, thus first he accosts with words and unprovoked rebukes.

G. K. RICKARDS
1871

'What errand brings thee here, a warrior armed ?
Stay thy rash foot, intruder, come not near.
These are the realms of Sleep and drowsy Night ;

Hell's Stygian barrier? Chāron's boat unbidden enter?
Eumenidum aspicies, ripamve iniussus adibis?
Cease to believe that fate can bé by prayĕr averted.
desine fata deum flecti sperare precando.
Let my sooth a litel thy cruel destiny comfort.
sed cape dicta memor, duri solacia casus.
Surely the people of all thy new-found country, determin'd
nam tua finitimi, longe lateque per urbes
By heav'n-sent omens will achieve thy purification,
prodigiis acti caelestibus, ossa piabunt
Build thee a tomb of honour with yearly solemnity ordain'd,
et statuent tumulum et tumulo sollemnia mittent,
And dedicate for ever thy storied name to the headland.'
aeternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit.'

These words lighten awhile his fear, his sadness allaying,
His dictis curae emotae pulsusque parumper
Nor vain was the promise his name should eternally survive.
corde dolor tristi; gaudet cognomine terra.

They forthwith their journey renew, tending to the water:
Ergo iter inceptum peragunt fluvioque propinquant.
Whom when th' old boatman descried silently emerging
navita quos iam inde ut Stygia prospexit ab unda
Out o' the leafy shadows, advancing t'ward the river-shore,
per tacitum nemus ire pedemque advertere ripae,
Angrily gave the challenge, imperious in salutation.
sic prior adgreditur dictis atque increpat ultro:
'Whosoever thou be, that approachest my river all-arm'd,
'quisquis es, armatus qui nostra ad flumina tendis,
Stand to announce thyself, nor further make footing onward.
fare age quid venias iam istinc, et comprime gressum.
Here 'tis a place of ghosts, of night & drowsy delusion:
umbrarum hic locus est, somni noctisque soporae:

This Stygian raft no living soul may bear.
Nor had I cause for joy that once my bark
Pirithöus, Theseus, Hercules conveyed—
The last Hell's yelling watch-dog bound in chains,
And dragged the cowering beast from Pluto's throne:
Those daring ravishers would fain have torn
E'en from the couch of Dis his beauteous Queen.

R. C. SINGLETON
1859

In answer whereunto
Spake briefly the Amphrysian prophetess.
'Here no such ambush; cease to be disturbed;
Nor do our weapons violence import.
Let the colossal porter in his den,
For ever barking scare the bloodless shades;
Chaste Proserpine her uncle's palace keep.

CHR. P. CRANCH
Boston 1872

Trojan Æneas, well renowned for arms
And filial reverence, to these lower shades
Of Erebus descends to meet his sire.
If by such piety thou art not moved,
At least this branch thou wilt acknowledge.' Here
She showed the branch concealed within her robe.
At once his anger fell, nor more he spake;

Forbidden unto living mortals is my Stygian keel :
corpora viva nefas Stygia vectare carina.
Truly not Alkides embarkt I cheerfully, nor took
nec vero Alciden me sum laetatus euntem
Of Theseus or Pirithous glad custody, nay though
accepisse lacu, nec Thesea Pirithoumque,
God-sprung were they both, warriors invincible in might :
dis quamquam geniti atque invicti viribus essent.
Hé 'twas would sportively the guard of Tartarus enchain,
Tartareum ille manu custodem in vincla petivit
Yea and from the palace with gay contumely dragged him ;
ipsius a solio regis traxitque trementem ;
Théy to ravish Hell's Queen from Pluto's chamber attempted.'
hi dominam Ditis thalamo deducere adorti.'

Then thus th'Amphrysian prophetess spake briefly in answer.
Quae contra breviter fata est Amphrysia vates :
'No such doughty designs are ours, Cease thou to be movèd !
'nullae hic insidiae tales (absiste moveri),
Nor these sheeny weapons intend force. Cerberus unvext
nec vim tela ferunt ; licet ingens ianitor antro
Surely for us may affray the spirits with 'howling eternal,
aeternum latrans exsanguis terreat umbras,
And chaste Persephone enjoy her queenly seclusion.
casta licet patrui servet Proserpina limen.
Troian Æneas, bravest and gentlest-hearted,
Troius Aeneas, pietate insignis et armis,
Hath left earth to behold his father in out-lying Ades.
ad genitorem imas Erebi descendit ad umbras.
If the image ˅ of a so great virtue doth not affect thee,
si te nulla movet tantae pietatis imago,
Yet this bough '—glittering she reveal'd its golden avouchment—
at ramum hunc' (aperit ramum qui veste latebat)
'Thou mayst know.' Forthwith his bluster of heart was appeasèd :
'agnoscas.' tumida ex ira tum corda residunt.

But gazed, admiring, at the fated bough,
The offering revered, so long a time
Unseen ; and toward them turns around his barge
Of dusky hue, and brings it to the shore.

LONSDALE & LEE
1871

Next he thrusts out other spirits, who were sitting along the length of the benches, and clears the gangways ; withal he admits into the hull the great Æneas. The crazy craft groaned beneath the weight, and thro' its leaks let in a flood of marshy water. At last on the other side of the stream he lands in safety prophetess and hero, on the unsightly mire and gray sedge.

E. S. CROOKE
late 19th century

Huge Cerberus makes these realms resound with the baying from his three throats, couching monstrous in his den at the entrance. To whom, seeing that his necks were already bristling with the snakes, the prophetess throws a cake made of honey and medicated corn to produce sleep.

H. OWGAN
1852

He, stretching his triple throat with raving greediness, seizes the offered cake, and, laid on the ground, unbends his giant limbs, and stretches his huge length along the cave. Æneas secures the entrance while its guard lay sleeping,

Nor word gave-he, but admiring the celestial omen,
nec plura his. ille admirans venerabile donum
That bright sprigg of weird for so long period unseen,
fatalis virgae longo post tempore visum
Quickly he-túrneth about his boat, to the margin approaching, 410
caeruleam advertit puppim ripaeque propinquat.
And the spirits, that along the gun'al benchways sat in order,
inde alias animas, quae per iuga longa sedebant,
Drave he ashore, offering ready room : but when the vessel took
deturbat laxatque foros ; simul accipit alveo
Ponderous Æneas, her timbers crankily straining
ingentem Aenean. gemuit sub pondere cumba
Creak'd, an' a brown water came trickling through the upper seams.
sutilis et multam accepit rimosa paludem.
Natheless both Sibyl ánd Hero, slow wafted across stream
tandem trans fluvium incolumis vatemque virumque
Safe on th'ooze & slime's hideous desolation alighted.
informi limo glaucaque exponit in ulva.

Hence the triple-throated bellowings of Cerberus invade
Cerberus haec ingens latratu regna trifauci
All Hell, where opposite the arrival he lies in a vast den.
personat adverso recubans immanis in antro.
But the Sibyl, who mark'd his necklaces of stiffening snakes,
cui vates horrere videns iam colla colubris
Cast him a cake, poppy-drench'd with drowsiness and honey-sweeten'd.
melle soporatam et medicatis frugibus offam
He, rabid and distending a-hungry' his triply-cavern'd jaws, 421
obicit. ille fame rabida tria guttura pandens
Gulp'd the proffer'd morsel ; when slow he-relaxt his immense bulk,
corripit obiectam, atque immania terga resolvit
And helplessly diffused fell out-sprawl'd over the whole cave.
fusus humi totoque ingens extenditur antro.
Æneas fled by, and left full boldly the streamway,
occupat Aeneas aditum custode sepulto

and promptly leaves the bank of the irrepassable stream.

JOHN VICARS
1632

Straight in's first entrance piteous cries he heares,
And loud laments of infants 'bout his eares,
Of tender babes, snatcht from their mothers breast,
Deprived of longer life by death's arrest.
Next these, were those who by false sentence dy'd,
Yet lot and law these to their place apply'd.
Minos th' inquisitour the lots doth cast,
And spies and tries their lives and follies past.

JOHN OGILVY
1649

Next after these, those wretched Ghosts reside,
Who hating life, have by their own hands dyde,
And lost their soules : who now to live again
Would not hard toil and poverty disdain ;
Them fates deny, and the most dreadful sound
Binds in, and Styx nine times incircles round.
Not farre from hence they to large champaigns came,

That biddeth all men across but alloweth ne'er a returning.
evaditque celer ripam inremeabilis undae.

Already now i' the air were voices heard, lamentation
Continuo auditae voces vagitus et ingens
And shrilly crying of infant souls by th' entry of Ades.
infantumque animae flentes, in limine primo
Babes, whom unportion'd of sweet life, unblossoming buds,
quos dulcis vitae exsortis et ab ubere raptos
One black day carried off and chokt in dusty corruption.—
abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo.
Next are they who falsely accused were wrongfully condemn'd
hos iuxta falso damnati crimine mortis.
Unto the death : but here their lot by justice is order'd.
nec vero hae sine sorte datae, sine iudice, sedes :
Inquisitor Minos, with his urn, summoning to assembly
quaesitor Minos urnam movet ; ille silentum
His silent council, their deed or slander arraigneth.—
conciliumque vocat vitasque et crimina discit.
Next the sullen-hearted, who rashly with else-innocent hand
proxima deinde tenent maesti loca, qui sibi letum
Their own life did-away, for hate or weariness of light,
insontes peperere manu lucemque perosi
Imperiling their souls. How gladly, if only in Earth's air,
proiecere animas. quam vellent aethere in alto
Would-they again their toil, discomfort, and pities endure !
nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores !
Fate obstructs : deep sadness now, unloveliness awful
fas obstat, tristisque palus inamabilis undae
Rings them about, & Styx with ninefold circle enarmeth.—
alligat et novies Styx interfusa coercet.

Not far hence they come to a land extensiv on all sides ;
Nec procul hinc partem fusi monstrantur in omnem

The fields of sorrow call'd, such was the name :
Here those whom cruel Love with griefe devours,
Did haunt close walks, conceal'd in mirtle bowres,
Nor in their death relinquish they their woes ;
Here Phædra, Procris, and Euryphile, goes,
Showing those wounds her son had made, he saw
Pasiphae, Evadne, Laodamia,
Cæneus with them, now woman, once a man,
Whom fates restor'd to her own sex againe.

JOHN DRYDEN
1716

Not far from these Phœnician Dido stood ;
Fresh from her Wound, her Bosom bathe'd in Blood.
Whom, when the Trojan Heroe hardly knew,
Obscure in Shades, and with a doubtful view,
(Doubtful as he who runs thro' dusky Night,
Or thinks he sees the Moon's uncertain Light ;)
With tears he first approach'd the silent Shade ;
And, as his Love inspired him, thus he said.
'Unhappy Queen ! then is the common breath
Of Rumour true in your reported Death,

Weeping Plain 'tis call'd :—such name such country deserveth.
lugentes campi ; sic illos nomine dicunt.
Here the lovers, whom fiery passion hath cruelly consumed,
hic quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit
Hide in leafy alleys ˇ and pathways bow'ry, sequester'd
secreti celant calles et myrtea circum
By woodland myrtle, nor hath Death their sorrow ended.
silva tegit ; curae non ipsa in morte relinquunt.
Here was Phædra to see, Procris ˇ and sád Eriphyle,
his Phaedram Procrimque locis maestamque Eriphylen
She of her unfilial deathdoing wound not ashamèd,
crudelis nati monstrantem vulnera cernit,
Evadne, ˇ and Pasiphae ˇ and Laodamia,
Euadnenque et Pasiphaen ; his Laodamia
And epicene Keneus, a woman to a man metamorphos'd,
it comes et iuvenis quondam, nunc femina, Caeneus
Now by Fate converted again to her old feminine form.
rursus et in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

'Mong these shades, her wound yet smarting ruefully, Dido
Inter quas Phoenissa recens a vulnere Dido
Wander'd throu' the forest-obscurity ; and Æneas
errabat silva in magna ; quam Troius heros
Standing anigh knew surely the dim form, though i' the darkness
ut primum iuxta stetit agnovitque per umbras
Veil'd,—as when one seëth a young moon on the horizon,
obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere mense
Or thinketh to 'have seen i' the gloaming her delicate horn :
aut videt aut vidisse putat per nubila lunam,
Tearfully in once-lov'd accents he-lovingly addrest her.
demisit lacrimas dulcique adfatus amore est :
'Unhappy ! ah ! too true 'twas told me, O unhappy Dido,
'infelix Dido, verus mihi nuntius ergo
Dead thou wert ; to the fell extreme didst thy passion ensue.
venerat exstinctam ferroque extrema secutam ?

And I, alas, the Cause! by Heav'n I vow,
And all the Pow'rs that rule the Realms below,
Unwilling I forsook your friendly State;
Commanded by the Gods, & forc'd by Fate,
Those Gods, that Fate, whose unresisted Might
Have sent me to these Regions void of Light
Thro' the vast Empire of eternal Night.
Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with Grief,
My flight sh[d] urge you to this dire Relief.
Stay, stay your Steps, & listen to my Vows:
'Tis the last Interview that Fate allows!'

In vain he thus attempts her Mind to move,
With Tears & Pray'rs, & late repenting Love.
Disdainfully she look'd: then turning round,
But fix'd her Eyes unmov'd upon the Ground.
And, what he says, & swears, regards no more,
Than the deaf Rocks, when the loud Billows roar.
But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,
Hid in the Forest and the Shades of Night.
Then sought Sicheus, thro' the shady Grove,
Who answer'd all her Cares & equal'd all her Love.

And was it I that slew‿thee? Alas! Smite falsity, ye heav'ns!
funeris heu tibi causa fui? per sidera iuro,
And Hell-fury attest‿me', if here any sanctity reigneth,
per superos et si qua fides tellure sub ima est,
Unwilling, O my Queen, my step thy kingdom abandon'd.
invitus, regina, tuo de litore cessi.
Me the command of a god, who here my journey determines
sed me iussa deum, quae nunc has ire per umbras,
Through Ereban darkness, through fields sown with desolation,
per loca senta situ cogunt noctemque profundam,
Drave‿me to wrong my heart. Nay tho' deep-pain'd to desert thee
imperiis egere suis; nec credere quivi
I ne'er thought to provoke thy pain of mourning eternal.
hunc tantum tibi me discessu ferre dolorem.
Stay yet awhile, ev'n here unlook'd‿for again look upon me:
siste gradum teque aspectu ne subtrahe nostro.
Fly‿me not ere the supreme words that Fate granteth us are said.'
quem fugis? extremum fato quod te adloquor hoc est.'

Thus he: but the spirit was raging, fiercely defiant,
Talibus Aeneas ardentem et torva tuentem
Whom he approach'd with words to appease, with tears for atonement.
lenibat dictis animum lacrimasque ciebat.
She to the ground downcast her ˇ eyes in fixity averted;
illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat
Nor were her features more by his pleading affected,
nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur
Than wer' a face of flint, or of ensculptur'd alabaster.
quam si dura silex aut stet Marpesia cautes.
At length she started disdainful, an' angrily withdrew
tandem corripuit sese atque inimica refugit
Into a shady thicket: where her grief kindly Sychæus
in nemus umbriferum, coniunx ubi pristinus illi
Sooth'd with other memories, first love and virginal embrace.
respondet curis aequatque Sychaeus amorem.

EARL of LAUDERDALE
1710

Mov'd with her Death Æneas' watry Eyes
Follow with looks of Pity while she flies,
And now pursues the way the Fates ordain'd,
He and his Guide the outmost Fields attain'd ;
Where by themselves Heroick Souls remain
Of Men renown'd in War. Here on the Plain
He met Parthenopeus, Tideus here,
And pale Adrastus trembling still through Fear.
Of Trojan Ghosts he saw a mighty Train,
All much regretted, all in Battel slain ;
Thersilochus, Glaucon, Medon with the rest,
Antenor's son, & Ceres' sacred Priest :
Great Polybetes, glad Ideus there
Driving his chariot, in his Hand a Spear.

Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT
1740

Eager to view the Chief, on either Hand,
Rank behind Rank, the airy Warriors stand :
All in their turn retard the Prince, to know
What urged his Journey to the Shades below.
Not so the Kings of Greece—Appall'd, dismay'd
The hostile Chiefs the godlike man survey'd
In arms that glitter'd thro' the dusky Shade.
Some turn'd and fled, astonished at the View

And ever Æneas, to remorse by deep pity soften'd,
nec minus Aeneas casu concussus iniquo
With brimming eyes pursued her queenly figure disappearing.
prosequitur lacrimis longe et miseratur euntem.

Thence the Sibyl to the plain's extremest boundary led him,
Inde datum molitur iter. iamque arva tenebant
Where world-fam'd warriors, a lionlike company, haunted.
ultima, quae bello clari secreta frequentant.
Here great Tydeus saw he eclips'd, & here the benighted
hic illi occurrit Tydeus, hic inclutus armis
Phantom of Adrastus,ˇ of stalwart Parthenopæus.
Parthenopaeus et Adrasti pallentis imago,
Here long mourn'd upon earth went all that prowess of Ilium
hic multum fleti ad superos belloque caduci
Fallen in arms ; whom, when he-beheld them, so many and great,
Dardanidae, quos ille omnis longo ordine cernens
Much he-bewail'd. By Thersilochus his mighty brothers stood,
ingemuit, Glaucumque Medontaque Thersilochumque,
Children of Antenor ; here Demetrîan Polyboetes,
tris Antenoridas Cererique sacrum Polyboeten,
And Idæus, in old chariot-pose dreamily stalking.
Idaeumque etiam currus, etiam arma tenentem.
Right and left the spirits flocking-on stood crowding around him ;
circumstant animae dextra laevaque frequentes :
Nor their eyes have enough ; they touch, find joy unwonted
nec vidisse semel satis est ; iuvat usque morari
Marching in equal stép, and eager of his coming enquire.
et conferre gradum et veniendi discere causas.
But th' Argive leaders, and they that obey'd Agamemnon,
at Danaum proceres Agamemnoniaeque phalanges
When they saw that Trojan in arms come striding among them,
ut videre virum fulgentiaque arma per umbras,
Old terror invaded their ranks : some fled stricken, as once
ingenti trepidare metu ; pars vertere terga,

As when before him to their Fleets they flew.
Some rais'd a Cry: the flutt'ring Accents hung
And dy'd imperfect on the trembling Tongue.

H. W. HUNTING
1891

And here he saw Deiphobus the son of Priam gashed o'er all his body, cruelly mangled as to his face, his face and both hands, and his temples stripped and deprived of ears, and nostrils hewn away by shameful wound. Scarce indeed did he recognise him shrinking and hiding his grievous punishment, and first addressed him with his well known voice.

J. B. Gentleman
1699

'Valiant Deiphobus, sprung of Troy's great Blood
What cruel man would use you in this sort
Or whom would God permit to do't? [I heard]

J. W. MACKAIL
1885

Rumour reached me that on that last night, outwearied with endless slaughter of the Pelasgians, thou hadst sunk on the heap of mingled carnage. Then mine own hand reared an empty tomb on the Rhoetean shore, mine own voice thrice called aloud upon thy ghost. Thy name and armour keep the spot: thee, O my friend, I could not see nor lay in the native earth I left.'

They to the ships had fled for shelter ; others the alarm raise,
ceu quondam petiere rates, pars tollere vocem
But their thín utterance mock'd vainly the lips wide-parted.
exiguam : inceptus clamor frustratur hiantis.
Here too Deiphobus he espied, his fair body mangled,
atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto
Cruelly dismember'd, disfeatur'd cruelly his face,
Deiphobum vidit, lacerum crudeliter ora,
Face and hands; and lo! shorn closely from either temple,
ora manusque ambas, populataque tempora raptis
Gone wer' 'his ears, and maim'd each nostril in impious outrage.
auribus et truncas inhonesto vulnere naris.
Barely he-knew him again cow'ring shamefastly ' an' hiding
vix adeo agnovit pavitantem ac dira tegentem
His dire plight, & thus he 'his old companyon accosted.
supplicia, et notis compellat vocibus ultro :
'Noblest Deiphobus, great Teucer's intrepid offspring,
'Deiphobe armipotens, genus alto a sanguine Teucri,
Who was it, inhuman, coveted so cruel a vengeance?
quis tam crudelis optavit sumere poenas ?
Who can hav adventur'd on thée? That last terrible night
cui tantum de te licuit ? mihi fama suprema
Thou wert said to hav exceeded thy bravery, an' only
nocte tulit fessum vasta te caede Pelasgum
On thy faln enemies wert faln by weariness o'ercome.
procubuisse super confusae stragis acervum.
Wherefor' upon the belov'd sea-shore thine empty sepulchral
tunc egomet tumulum Rhoeteo litore inanem
Mound I erected, aloud on thy ghost tearfully calling.
constitui et magna manis ter voce vocavi.
Name and shield keep for-thee the place; but thy body, dear friend,
nomen et arma locum servant; te, amice, nequivi
Found I not, to commit to the land ere sadly ' I left it.'
conspicere et patria decedens ponere terra.'

ALEXANDER STRAHAN
1767

To which the son of Priam : 'nothing 's left
By you, my friend, undone ; you have discharg'd
All pious duties to Deiphobus,
And to his shade. But me my destiny,
And that Laconian woman's wickedness
Detestable, o'erwhelm'd with all these ills.
These monuments she left me.

W. J. THORNHILL
1886

How we poor dupes, that fatal night bestowed,
Fooled of false hope, on mad delusive joys,
Thou know'st, dear friend ; must needs but too well know.
At that sad tide, when as the fatal steed
Came bounding up our castle's steep ascent,
And big with death, a mail-clad host did bring
Hid in its teeming womb, this precious dame,
On mock pretence for Bacchic dance to lead
A troop of yelling wives about the walls,
Amid the throng, with monster torch uplift,
Signalled the Greeks from off the topmost tower.

JAS. RHOADES
1893

Then I with trouble spent, weighed down with sleep,
Was holden of our ill-starred bridal bower,
Lying with deep sweet slumber overwhelmed,
Deep as the calm of death. My peerless wife
Meanwhile all arms from out the palace moves—
The true sword first from 'neath my pillow filched—
Calls Menelaus in, throws wide the door,

Then the son of Priam ‘I thought not, friend, to reproach thee:
Ad quae Priamides: ‘nihil o tibi, amice, relictum;
Thou didst all to the full, ev’n my shade’s service, accomplish.
omnia Deiphobo solvisti et funeris umbris.
’Twas that uninterdicted adultress from Lacedæmon
sed me fata mea et scelus exitiale Lacaenae
Drave-me to doom, & planted in hell her trophy triumphant.
his mersere malis; illa haec monimenta reliquit.
On that night,—how vain a security and merrymaking
namque ut supremam falsa inter gaudia noctem
Then sullied us thou know’st, yea must too keenly remember,—
egerimus, nosti: et nimium meminisse necesse est.
When the ill-omened horse oerleapt Troy’s lofty defences,
cum fatalis equus saltu super ardua venit
Dragg’d in amidst our town pregnant with a burden of arm’d men.
Pergama et armatum peditem gravis attulit alvo,
She then, her Phrygian women in feign’d phrenzy collecting,
illa chorum simulans euhantis orgia circum
All with torches aflame, in wild Bacchic orgy paraded,
ducebat Phrygias; flammam media ipsa tenebat
Flaring a signal aloft to her ambusht confederate Greeks.
ingentem et summa Danaos ex arce vocabat.
I from a world of care had fled with weariful eyelids
tum me confectum curis somnoque gravatum
Unto my unhappy chamber’, an’ lay fast lockt in oblivyon,
infelix habuit thalamus, pressitque iacentem
Sunk to the depth of rest as a child that nought will awaken.
dulcis et alta quies placidaeque simillima morti.
Meanwhile that paragon helpmate had robb’d me of all arms,
egregia interea coniunx arma omnia tectis
E’en from aneath the pillow my blade of trust purloining;—
amovet et fidum capiti subduxerat ensem;
Then to the gate; wide flings she it op’n an’ calls Menelaus.
intra tecta vocat Menelaum et limina pandit,

Hoping forsooth that to her lover this
Would prove a mighty boon, and so be quenched
The fame of old offences. Why delay?
They burst into my chamber: joins the crew,
Prompter of crimes, the son of Æolus.
Ye gods, like measure to the Greeks repay,
If with pure lips I ask for vengeance.

JOHN MILLER
1863

But what events
Have brought thee living hither, say in turn.
Com'st thou wide wafted by the erroneous sea?
Or by the Gods admonished? What is this
Ill fortune that impels thee, so that thou
Art present in these melancholy abodes,
Where the sun shines not, and where rest is none.'

HAMILTON BRYCE
1894

Thus as they talked, Aurora, in her rosy team
had passed the zenith in her course:
and they had likely spent the whole allotted time in such communing;
but the Sibyl as attendant guide, admonished him & briefly spoke.

JOS. DAVIDSON
1790

'Æneas, the Night comes on apace, (while) we waste the hours in (vain) lamentations. This is the Place where the Path divides in two; the Right is what leads to great Pluto's walls, by this our Way to Elysium lies: but the left carries on

Would not a so great service attach her faithful adorer?
scilicet id magnum sperans fore munus amanti,
Might not it extinguish the repute of 'her earlier illdeeds?
et famam exstingui veterum sic posse malorum.
Brief-be the tale. Menelaus arrives: in company there came
quid moror? inrumpunt thalamo, comes additus una
His crime-counsellor Æolides. . So, and more also
hortator scelerum Aeolides. di, talia Grais
Deal-ye ', O Gods, to the Greeks! an if I call justly upon you.—
instaurate, pio si poenas ore reposco.
But thou; what fortune hitherward, in turn prithy tell me,
sed te qui vivum casus, age fare vicissim,
Sent-thee alive, whether erring upon the bewildering Ocean,
attulerint. pelagine venis erroribus actus
Or high-prompted of 'heav'n, or by Fate wearily hunted,
an monitu divum? an quae te fortuna fatigat,
That to the sunless abodes and dusky demesnes thou approachest?'
ut tristis sine sole domos, loca turbida, adires?'

Ev'n as awhile they thus converse it is already mid-day,
Hac vice sermonum roseis Aurora quadrigis
Unperceiv'd, but aloft earth's star had turn'd to declining.
iam medium aetherio cursu traiecerat axem;
And haply ' Æneas his time in parley had outgone,
et fors omne datum traherent per talia tempus,
Had not then the Sibyl with word of warning avized him.
sed comes admonuit breviterque adfata Sibylla est:
'Night hieth, Æneas; in tears our journey delayeth.
'nox ruit, Aenea; nos flendo ducimus horas.
See our road, that it here in twain disparteth asunder;
hic locus est partis ubi se via findit in ambas:
This to the right, skirting by th' high city-fortresses of Dis,
dextera quae Ditis magni sub moenia tendit,
Endeth in Elysium, our path; but that to the leftward
hac iter Elysium nobis; at laeva malorum

the Punishment of the wicked, and conveys to cursed Tartarus.'

C. DAVIDSON
1905

On the other hand Deiphobus [said] 'Be not incensed, great priestess: I shall be gone; I will fill up the number [of the ghosts] and be rendered back to darkness. Go, go, thou glory of our nation; May'st thou find fates more kind!' This only he spoke, and at the word turned his steps.

J. W. MOORE
1889

When as Æneas cast a sudden look,
Lo! on his left, beneath a rocky height,
A vast wide edifice met his wondering sight:
Three lines of wall the enormous pile surround,
And Phlegethon's foaming fiery torrents bound,
Whose rocks roll thundering in its flaming flood:
Right in the front a mighty portal stood:
Columns of solid adamant defy
All strength of men, and powers of the sky,
To burst its barriers with their utmost blows:
High in the air an iron tower uprose:
In blood-dyed pall Tisiphone sits by,
And guards the vestibule with sleepless eye
Both day and night.

CH. RANN KENNEDY
1849

Hence groans are heard, the lash, the clank of iron,
And trail of heavy chains.

Only receives their feet who wend to eternal affliction.'
exercet poenas et ad impia Tartara mittit.'
Deiphobus then again, 'Speak not, great priestess, in anger ;
Deiphobus contra: 'ne saevi, magna sacerdos;
I will away to refill my number among th' unfortun'd.
discedam, explebo numerum reddarque tenebris.
Thou, my champyon, adieu ! Go where thy glory awaits thee ! '
i decus, i, nostrum; melioribus utere fatis.'
When these words he 'had spok'n, he-turn'd and hastily was fled.
tantum effatus, et in verbo vestigia torsit.

Æneas then look'd where leftward, under a mountain,
Respicit Aeneas subito et sub rupe sinistra
Outspread a wide city lay, threefold with fortresses engirt,
moenia lata videt triplici circumdata muro,
Lickt by a Tartarean river of live fire, the torrentíâl
quae rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis,
Red Phlegethon, and huge boulders his roundy bubbles be :
Tartareus Phlegethon, torquetque sonantia saxa.
Right i' the front stareth the columnar gate adamantine,
porta adversa ingens solidoque adamante columnae,
Such that no battering warfare of mén or immortals
vis ut nulla virum, non ipsi exscindere bello
E'er might shake ; blank-faced to the cloud its bastion upstands.
caelicolae valeant; stat ferrea turris ad auras,
Tisiphone thereby in a bloodspotty robe sitteth alway
Tisiphoneque sedens palla succincta cruenta
Night and day guarding sleeplessly the desperat entrance.
vestibulum exsomnis servat noctesque diesque.
Wherefrom an awestirring groan-cry and fierce clamour outburst,
hinc exaudiri gemitus et saeva sonare
Sharp lashes, insane yells, dragg'd chains and clanking of iron.
verbera, tum stridor ferri tractaeque catenae.

The Chieftain stood,
And listen'd fearful. 'Holy Virgin, say,
What crimes are these? What punishments, and why
This dreadful wail?' The Sibyl answer'd thus.

WILLIAM SMART
1822

'Famed leader of the Trojans,
It is allowed to no undefiled person to tread the polluted threshold: but Hecate when she set me to preside over the Avernian groves, herself taught me the punishments appointed by the Gods, and led me through the whole.

Capt. H. HUBBARD PIERCE
Philadelphia, 1879

Here Cretan Rhadamanthus rules, as judge and punisher of sin: and each soul must here confess the crimes of life; for which, atonement was deferred till death's late hour—vain hope in guilt concealed!—Tisiphone, with scourges armed, doth lash the guilty shades—harsh torment without end; and shaking in her left hand horrid snakes, the sister Furies calls, a heartless crew.

ROBERT ANDREWS
1766

Now screaking horrour o'er the harsh-jarring hinge
Wide ope the sacred portals. Lo! what Guard
Sits in the porch! What Form the entrance keeps!

Æneas drew back, his heart by 'his 'hearing affrighted :
Constitit Aeneas strepitumque exterritus hausit.
'What manner of criminals, my guide, now tell-me (he-question'd),
'quae scelerum facies ? o virgo, effare ; quibusve
'Or what their penalties ? what this great wail that ariseth ?'
urgentur poenis ? quis tantus clangor ad auris ?'
Answering him the divine priestess, 'Brave hero of Iliûm,
tum vates sic orsa loqui : 'dux inclute Teucrum,
O'er that guilty threshold no breath of purity may come :
nulli fas casto sceleratum insistere limen ;
But Hecate, who gave-me to rule i' the groves of Avernus,
sed me cum lucis Hecate praefecit Avernis,
Herself led me around, & taught heav'n's high retribution.
ipsa deum poenas docuit perque omnia duxit.
Here Cretan Rhadamanthus in unblest empery reigneth,
Gnosius haec Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna
Secret crime to punish,—full surely he-wringeth avowal
castigatque auditque dolos subigitque fateri
Even of all that on earth, by vain impunity harden'd
quae quis apud superos furto laetatus inani
Men sinning have put away from thought till ˅ impenitent death.
distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem.
On those convicted tremblers then leapeth avenging
continuo sontis ultrix accincta flagello
Tisiphone with keen flesh-whips and vipery scourges,
Tisiphone quatit insultans, torvosque sinistra
And of 'her implacable sisters inviteth attendance.'
intentans anguis vocat agmina saeva sororum.
—Now sudden on screeching hinges that portal accursèd
tum demum horrisono stridentes cardine sacrae
Flung wide its barriers.—'In what dire custody, mark thou,
panduntur portae. cernis custodia qualis
Is the threshold ! guarded by how grim sentry the doorway !
vestibulo sedeat, facies quae limina servet ?

More fell within, vast Hydra's fifty throats
Yawn, belching pitchy tempests. Tart'ra's womb
Shoots twice the depth wide headlong neath the shades ;
As high o'er mortals the etherial vault.
Here Earth's old offspring, Titan's sons, who erst
Thunderstruck still roll bellowing thro' th' abyss.
Here lie th' Aleian Twins, prodigious length !
Whose hands wou'd scaling storm the pow'rs of heav'n :
And shove the monarch from his lofty throne.

H. DELABERE MAY
1903

And bearing cruel punishment, I saw
Salmoneus, caught while mimicking the flames
Of Jupiter, and Thunder of the sky.
Borne by four steeds and brandishing his torch,
Through peoples of the Greeks, and through the midst
Of Elis town, triumphantly he rode,
Claiming for him the honour of the gods.

JOS. TRAPP, D.D.
1731

Infatuate, with a brazen bridge, and hoofs
Of noisy trampling steeds, to counterfeit
Th' inimitable lightning, and the Storms.
But the Almighty Father lanced a Bolt
Through the thick Clouds

More terrible than they the ravin'd insatiab'l Hydra
quinquaginta atris immanis hiatibus Hydra
That sitteth angry within. Know too that Tartarus itself
saevior intus habet sedem. tum Tartarus ipse
Dives sheer gaping aneath in gloomy profundity downward
bis patet in praeceps tantum tenditque sub umbras
Twice that height that a man looketh-up t'ward airy Olympus.
quantus ad aetherium caeli suspectus Olympum.
Lowest there those children of Earth, Titanian elders,
hic genus antiquum Terrae, Titania pubes,
In the abyss, where once they fell hurl'd, yet wallowing lie.
fulmine deiecti fundo volvuntur in imo.
There the Alōīdæ saw I, th' ungainly rebel twins
hic et Aloidas geminos immania vidi
Primæval, that assay'd to devastate th' Empyræan
corpora, qui manibus magnum rescindere caelum
With huge hands, and rob from Jove his kingdom immortal.
adgressi superisque Iovem detrudere regnis.
And there Salmoneus I saw, rend'ring heavy payment,
vidi et crudelis dantem Salmonea poenas,
For that 'he idly' had mockt heav'n's fire and thunder electric ;
dum flammam Iovis et sonitus imitatur Olympi.
With chariot many-yoked and torches brandishing on high
quattuor hic invectus equis et lampada quassans
Driving among 'his Graian folk in Olympian Elis ;
per Graium populos mediaeque per Elidis urbem
Exultant as a God he rode in blasphemy worshipt.
ibat ovans, divumque sibi poscebat honorem,
Fool, who th' unreckoning tempest and deadly dreaded bolt
demens, qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen
Thought to mimic with brass and confus'd trample of horses !
aere et cornipedum pulsu simularet equorum.
But 'him th' Omnipotent, from amidst his cloudy pavilyon,
at pater omnipotens densa inter nubila telum

(a Bolt he lanc'd not Brands
And smoking Tow) and drove him headlong hurl'd
With the vast Swing and Whirlwind of his Arm.

J. M. KING
1847

There too I saw gigantic Tityon lie,
From Terra sprung, who vainly sought to die ;
O'er nine wide acres was his body spread,
Here stretch'd his feet, and languish'd there his head.
Perch'd on his giant breast is seen to dwell,
Whetting its crooked beak, the bird of Hell :
Throughout all time with fierce and greedy joy
The vulture feasts, nor does the banquet cloy ;
Fruitful of pains his liver never dies
And still the feast the growing flesh supplies.

CH. SYMMONS, D.D.
1817

Why should I on the Lapithae dilate,
Why speak Ixion's or Pirithous' fate ?
In trembling imminence, a sable rock
Now now to fall, o'er these intends the shock :
To those, on whom eternal famine preys,
A regal feast its luxuries displays.
Around the pompous hall in shining rows
Couches of gold delude with vain repose.
Close at the board the Queen of Furies stands,
Thundering forbids the taste, and lifts her brands
To awe the graspings of their quivering hands.

THOS. PHAER
1584

There they that did their brethren most abhor while life did last,
Or beat their parents, or their clients cause have foule betraied,

Blasted, an' eke his rattling car and smoky pretences
contorsit, non ille faces nec fumea taedis
Extinguish'd at a stroke, scattering his dust to the whirlwind.
lumina, praecipitemque immani turbine adegit.
There too huge Tityos, whom Earth that gendereth all things
nec non et Tityon, Terrae omniparentis alumnum,
Once foster'd, spreadeth-out o'er nine full roods his immense limbs.
cernere erat, per tota novem cui iugera corpus
On him a wild vulture with hook-beak greedily gorgeth
porrigitur, rostroque immanis vultur obunco
His liver upsprouting quick as that Hell-chicken eateth.
immortale iecur tondens fecundaque poenis
Shé diggeth and dwelleth under the vast ribs, her bloody bare neck
viscera rimaturque epulis habitatque sub alto
Lifting anon : ne'er loathes-she the food, ne'er fails the renewal.
tore, nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis.
Where wer' an end their names to relate, their crimes and torments ?
quid memorem Lapithas, Ixiona Pirithoumque ?
Some o'er whom a hanging black rock, slipping at very point of
quo super atra silex iam iam lapsura cadentique
Falling, ever threateneth : Couches luxurious invite
imminet adsimilis; lucent genialibus altis
Softly-cushion'd to repose : Tables for banqueting outlaid
aurea fulcra toris, epulaeque ante ora paratae
Tempt them ever-famishing : hard by them a Fury regardeth,
regifico luxu ; furiarum maxima iuxta
And should théy but a hand uplift, trembling to the dainties,
accubat et manibus prohibet contingere mensas,
She with live firebrand and direful yell springeth on them.
exsurgitque facem attollens atque intonat ore.

Their crimes,—not to 'hav lov'd a brother while love was allow'd them;
Hic, quibus invisi fratres, dum vita manebat,
Or to 'hav struck their father, or inveigled a dependant ;
pulsatusve parens aut fraus innexa clienti,

And such as gatherid goodes unto themselfs, and no man paied,
Nor almes never gave, wherof there is to great a throng.
Or for aduoutry have been slaine, or reisid warres in wrong.
Or rebells to their prince, or maisters goods wold not discerne :
Includid in that Jaile their paines they bide. Seeke not to lerne
What pains : what world of wo ther is : how ech his fortune feeles.
Som rolls unweldy rocks, some hangs on hie displaied on wheeles,
Some tombling tyre themselfs. There ever sitts and ever shall
Unhappy Theseus, & Phlegias most of misers all
Among those caytives darke & loud with voice to them doth rore,
Learn justice now by this, & gods above despise no more.

One wretch his country sold, & prince of strength therto did call,
He forgid lawes for bribes, & made, & mard, & altrid all.
Another leapt into his doughters bed, confounding kindes.
All ment outragious dedes, & fyld their foule outragious minds.
Not if I had a hundred mouthes, a hundred tonges to spend,
And voice as strong as steele, yet could I never comprehend

Or who chancing alone on wealth prey'd lustfully thereon,
aut qui divitiis soli incubuere repertis
Nor made share with others, no greater company than they :
nec partem posuere suis (quae maxima turba est),
Some for adultery slain ; some their bright swords had offended
quique ob adulterium caesi, quique arma secuti
Drawn i' the wrong : or a master's trust with perfidy had met :
impia nec veriti dominorum fallere dextras,
Dungeon'd their penalties they await. Look not to be answer'd
inclusi poenam exspectant. ne quaere doceri
What that doom, nor th' end of these men think to determine.
quam poenam, aut quae forma viros fortunave mersit.
Sóme aye roll heavy rocks, some whirl dizzy on the revolving
saxum ingens volvunt alii, radiisque rotarum
Spokes of a pendant wheel : sitteth and to eternity shall sit
districti pendent ; sedet aeternumque sedebit
Unfortun'd Theseus ; while sad Phlegias saddeneth hell
infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus omnis
With vain oyez to' all loud crying a tardy repentance,
admonet et magna testatur voce per umbras :
" Walk, O man, i' the fear of Gód, and learn to be righteous ! "
" discite iustitiam moniti et non temnere divos."
Here another, who sold for gold his country, promoting
vendidit hic auro patriam dominumque potentem
Her tyrant ; or annull'd for a base bribe th' inviolate law.
imposuit ; fixit leges pretio atque refixit ;
This one 'had unfather'd his blood with bestial incest :
hic thalamum invasit natae vetitosque hymenaeos :
All some fearful crime had dared & vaunted achievement.
ausi omnes immane nefas ausoque potiti.
What mind could harbour the offence of such recollection,
non, mihi si linguae centum sint oraque centum,
Or lend welcoming ear to the tale of iniquity and shame,
ferrea vox, omnis scelerum comprendere formas,

Their sondry sinnes & paines, nor of their names sh[d] make an end.

When SIBLI to ÆNEAS thus had said : 'Now make me speede,
Go furth, keepe on thy way, performe those things that thou hast
needede.
Dispatche we now (q; she) I spie from hence the chimneis topps
Of CICLOPS boistous walles, I see their gates their forge, & shopps,
Where we commaunded be to leave this gift of golden spraies.'

ARTHUR MALET
1880

Thus she spake : and both together moving o'er the dusky way
Pass across the middle space, till at the massive gates they stay ;
Standing in the porch Æneas sprinkles him with water pure,
And the golden branch he fixes on the lintel of the door.

WM. MORRIS
1876

So all being done, the Goddess' gift well paid in manner meet,
They came into a joyous land, & greensward fair & sweet
Amid the happiness of groves, the blessed dwelling-place.
Therein a more abundant heaven clothes all the meadows' face
With purple light, & their own sun & their own moon they have.

Here some in games upon the grass their bodies breathing gave :

And to the pains wherewith such deeds are justly requited?'
omnia poenarum percurrere nomina possim.'

Ev'n when thus she' had spok'n, the priestess dear to Apollo,
Haec ubi dicta dedit Phoebi longaeva sacerdos,
'But, ready, come let us ón, perform-we the order appointed!
'sed iam age, carpe viam et susceptum perfice munus;
Hast'n-we (saith-she), the wall forged on Cyclopian anvils
acceleremus' ait; 'Cyclopum educta caminis
Now I see, an' th' archway in Ætna's furnace attemper'd,
moenia conspicio atque adverso fornice portas,
Where my lore biddeth us to depose our high-privileg'd gift.'
haec ubi nos praecepta iubent deponere dona.'

Then together they trace i' the drooping dimness a footpath,
Dixerat et pariter gressi per opaca viarum
Whereby, faring across, they arrive at th' arches of iron.
corripiunt spatium medium foribusque propinquant.
Æneas stept into the porch, and duly besprinkling
occupat Aeneas aditum corpusque recenti
His body with clear water affixt his bough to the lintel;
spargit aqua ramumque adverso in limine figit.
And, having all perform'd at length with ritual exact,
His demum exactis, perfecto munere divae,
They came out on a lovely pleasance, that dream'd-of oasis,
devenere locos laetos et amoena virecta
Fortunat isle, the abode o' the blest, their fair Happy Woodland.
fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.
Here is an ampler sky, those meads ar' azur'd by a gentler
largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit
Sun than th' Earth, an' a new starworld their darkness adorneth.
purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.

Some were matching afoot their speed on a grassy arena,
Pars in gramineis exercent membra palaestris,

Or on the yellow face of sand they strive & play the play.
Some beat the earth with dancing foot, & some the song they say:
And there withal the Thracian man in flowing raiment sings
Unto the measure of the dance on seven-folded strings ;
And now he smites with finger-touch, and now with ivory reed.

And here is Teucer's race of old, most lovely sons indeed :
High-hearted heroes born on earth in better days of joy :
Ilus was there, Assaracus, & he who builded Troy,
E'en Dardanus. Far off are seen their empty wains of war
And war-weed : stand the spears in earth, unyoked the horses are,
And graze the meadows all about ; for even as they loved
Chariot & weapons, yet alive, & e'en as they were moved
To feed sleek horses, under earth doth e'en such joy abide.
Others he saw to right & left about the meadows wide
Feasting, or joining merry mouths to sing the battle won
Amidst the scented laurel-grove, whence earth-ward rolleth on
The full flood that Eridanus athwart the wood doth pour.

In playful combat some wrestling upon the yellow sand,
contendunt ludo et fulva luctantur harena;
Part in a dance-rhythm or poetry's fine phantasy engage;
pars pedibus plaudunt choreas et carmina dicunt.
While full-toga'd anear their high-priest musical Orpheus
nec non Threicius longa cum veste sacerdos
Bade his prime sev'n tones in varied harmony discourse,
obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum,
Now with finger, anon sounding with an ivory plectrum.
iamque eadem digitis, iam pectine pulsat eburno.
And here Æneas met Teucer's fortunate offspring,
hic genus antiquum Teucri, pulcherrima proles,
High-spirited heroes, fair-favor'd sons o' the morning,
magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis,
Assarac and Ilos ˇ and Dardan founder of Ilĭûm:
Ilusque Assaracusque et Troiae Dardanus auctor.
Their radiant chariots he' espied rank't empty afar off,
arma procul currusque virum miratur inanis.
Their spears planted afield, their horses wandering at large,
stant terra defixae hastae passimque soluti
Grazing around:—as on earth their joy had been, whether armour
per campum pascuntur equi. quae gratia currum
Or chariot had charmed them, or if 'twer' good manage and care
armorumque fuit vivis, quae cura nitentis
Of the gallant warhorse, the delight liv'd here unabated:
pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.
Lo! then others, that about the meadow sat feasting in idless,
conspicit, ecce, alios dextra laevaque per herbam
And chanting for joy a familyar paean of old earth,
vescentis laetumque choro paeana canentis
By fragrant laurel o'ercanopied, where 'twixt enamel'd banks
inter odoratum lauri nemus, unde superne
Bountiful Eridanus glides throu' their bosky retirement.
plurimus Eridani per silvam volvitur amnis.

Lo, they who in their country's fight sword-wounded bodies bore :
Lo, priests of holy life & chaste, while they in life had part ;
Lo, God-loved poets, men who spake things worthy Phoebus' heart :
And they who bettered life on earth by newfound mastery ;
And they whose good deeds left a tale for men to name them by :
And all they had their brows about with snowy fillets bound.

M. P. W. BOULTON
1877

Whom the Sibylline maid bespake as gathering streamed they round :
'Fore all Musaeus, whom the shades where chief in concourse prest
Look up to, he amidmost towers tall-shouldered o'er the rest.
'Say to us, O ye blissful souls, thou, sovran poet, say
What spot, what haunt Anchises hath ? in quest of him from day
We came, and over Erebus' vast rivers held our way.'
And unto her the hero thus brief-worded answer made :
'To none of us is certain home : we dwell in greenwood shade :
Couches of stream-banks mossy, meads kept fresh by rivulets,
Our haunts are these. But if toward such goal your longing sets,
Scale yonder ridge : thence easy path to follow will I show.'

Here were men who bled for honour, their country defending ;
hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
Priests, whose lives wer' a flame of chastity on God's altar ;
quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
Holy poets, content to await their crown of Apollo ;
quique pii vates et Phoebo digna locuti,
Discoverers, whose labour 'had aided life or ennobled ;
inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artis,
Or who fair memories had left through kindly deserving.
quique sui memores alios fecere merendo :
On their brow a fillet pearl-white distinguisheth all these :
omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vitta.
Whom the Sibyl, for they drew round, in question accosted,
quos circumfusos sic est adfata Sibylla,
And most Musæus, who tower'd noble among them,
Musaeum ante omnis (medium nam plurima turba
Center of all that sea of bright faces looking upward.
hunc habet atque umeris exstantem suspicit altis) :
'Tell, happy souls, and thou poet and high mystic illustrious,
'dicite, felices animae, tuque, optime vates,
Where dwelleth Anchises ? what home hath he ? for 'tis in his quest
quae regio Anchisen, quis habet locus ? illius ergo
We hither have made journey across Hell's watery marches.'
venimus et magnos Erebi tranavimus amnis.'

Thertó with brief parley rejoin'd that mystic of old-time.
Atque huic responsum paucis ita reddidit heros :
'In no certain abode we-remain : by turn the forest glade
'nulli certa domus ; lucis habitamus opacis,
Haunt-we, lilied stream-bank, sunny mead ; and o'er valley and rock
riparumque toros et prata recentia rivis
At will rove-we : but if ye aright your purpose arede me,
incolimus. sed vos, si fert ita corde voluntas,
Mount-ye the hill : myself will prove how easy the pathway.'
hoc superate iugum, et facili iam tramite sistam.'

He said, and step before them bare : and pointed out below
The shining plains : they hold the track and quit the summit height.

JOHN CONINGTON
1867

  But sire Anchises 'neath the hill
Was calmly scanning at his will
The souls unborn now prisoned there,
One day to pass to upper air ;
There as he stood, his wistful eye
Marked all his future progeny,
Their fortunes & their fates assigned,
The shape, the mien, the hand, the mind.
Soon as along the green he spied
Æneas hastening to his side,
With eager act both hands he spread,
And bathed his cheeks with tears, & said :
'At last ! and are you come at last ?
Has love the perilous road o'erpast,
  That love so tried of yore ?
And may I hear that well-known tone,
And speak in accents of my own,
  And see that face once more ?
Ah yes ! I knew the hour would come :
I pondered o'er the days' long sum,
Till anxious care the future knew :
And now completion proves it true.

J. RING
after Dryden & Pitt, 1820

From what strange lands, what stormy seas and skies,
Returns my son, to bless my longing eyes ?
How have I fear'd your fate, but fear'd it most

Speaking 'he léd : and come to the upland, sheweth a fair plain
dixit, et ante tulit gressum camposque nitentis
Gleaming aneath ; and they, with grateful adieu, the descent made.
desuper ostentat ; dehinc summa cacumina linquunt.

Now lord Anchises was down i' the green valley musing,
At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti
Where the spirits confin'd that await mortal resurrection
inclusas animas superumque ad lumen ituras
While diligently he-mark'd, his thought had turn'd to his own kin,
lustrabat studio recolens, omnemque suorum
Whose numbers he-reckon'd, an' of all their progeny foretold
forte recensebat numerum, carosque nepotes
Their fate and fortune, their ripen'd temper an' action.
fataque fortunasque virum moresque manusque.
He then, when he espied Æneas t'ward him approaching
isque ubi tendentem adversum per gramina vidit
O'er the meadow, both hands uprais'd and ran to receive him,
Aenean, alacris palmas utrasque tetendit,
Tears in his eyes, while thus his voice in high passion outbrake.
effusaeque genis lacrimae et vox excidit ore:
'Ah, thou'rt come, thou'rt come! at length thy dearly-belov'd grace
'venisti tandem, tuaque exspectata parenti
Conquering all hath won-thee the way. 'Tis allow'd to behold thee,
vicit iter durum pietas ? datur ora tueri,
O my son,—yea again the familyar raptur' of our speech.
nate, tua et notas audire et reddere voces ?
Nay, I look't for 't thus, counting patiently the moments,
sic equidem ducebam animo rebarque futurum
And ever expected ; nor did fond fancy betray me.
tempora dinumerans, nec me mea cura fefellit.
From what lands, my son, from what life-dangering ocean
quas ego te terras et quanta per aequora vectum
Art-thou arrived ? full mighty perils thy path hav' opposèd :
accipio! quantis iactatum, nate, periclis!

When late you linger'd on the Libyan coast!'
'Your pensive ghost,' the godlike chief replies,
'Appearing urg'd this painful enterprise.
By your behest I visit these abodes,
My fleet lies anchor'd in the Tuscan floods.—
O father! give thy hand, nor hide thy face,
Nor, Oh! withdraw thyself from our embrace!'

While yet he spoke, the tender sorrows rise,
And the big drops run trickling from his eyes,
Thrice round his neck his eager arms he threw,
Thrice from his arms an airy phantom flew;
Swift as the wind, with momentary flight,
Swift as a fleeting vision of the night.

FAIRFAX TAYLOR
1903

Meanwhile he views, deep-bosomed in a dale
A grove, & brakes that rustle in the breeze,
And Lethe, gliding throu' the peaceful vale.
Peoples & tribes, all hovering round, he sees,
Unnumbered, as in summer heat the bees
Hum round the flowerets of the field, to drain
The fair white lilies of their sweets; so these
Swarm numberless, & ever & again
The gibbering ghosts disperse, & murmur o'er the plain.

And how nearly the dark Libyan thy destiny o'erthrew ! '
quam metui ne quid Libyae tibi regna nocerent ! '
Then 'he, ' Thy spirit, O my sire, 'twas thy spirit often
ille autem : ' tua me, genitor, tua tristis imago
Sadly appearing aroused-me to seek thy far habitation.
saepius occurrens haec limina tendere adegit ;
My fleet moors i' the blue Tyrrhene : all with-me goeth well.
stant sale Tyrrheno classes. da iungere dextram,
Grant-me to touch thy hand as of old, and thy body embrace.'
da, genitor, teque amplexu ne subtrahe nostro.'
Speaking, awhile in tears his feeling mutinied, and when
sic memorans largo fletu simul ora rigabat.
For the longing contact of mortal affection, he out-held
ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum ;
His strong arms, the figure sustain'd them not : 'twas as empty
ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago,
E'en as a windworn cloud, or a phantom of irrelevant sleep.
par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.

On the level bosom of this vale more thickly the tall trees
Interea videt Aeneas in valle reducta
Grow, an' aneath quivering poplars and whispering alders
seclusum nemus et virgulta sonantia silvae,
Lethe's dreamy river throu' peaceful scenery windeth.
Lethaeumque domos placidas qui praenatat amnem.
Whereby now flitted in vast swarms many people of all lands,
hunc circum innumerae gentes populique volabant,
As when in early summer 'honey-bees on a flowery pasture
ac velut in pratis ubi apes aestate serena
Pill the blossoms, hurrying to' an' fro,—innumerous are they,
floribus insidunt variis et candida circum
Revisiting the ravish'd lily cups, while all the meadow hums.
lilia funduntur, strepit omnis murmure campus.

Awe-struck Æneas would the cause enquire:
What streams are yonder? What the crowd so great,
That filled the river's margin? Then the Sire
Anchises answered: 'They are souls that wait
For other bodies, promised them by Fate.
Now by the banks of Lethe here below
They lose the memory of their former state,
And from the silent waters as they flow
Drink the oblivious draught, & all their cares forgo.

C. J. BILLSON
1906

These have I wished to show thee many a day,
And count my children's children, to increase
Thy joy with mine, when Italy is found.'
'O Father! may we think that any souls
Pass upward, and return to irksome flesh?
What is this strange sad longing for the light?'
'Son, I will hold thee in suspense no more.'
And thus his sire unfolds the gradual tale.

T. CLAYTON
1893

'First then a soul within them quickens heaven and earth, the watery kingdom, and the moon's bright orb, and Titan's stelled fires,

Æneas was turn'd to the sight, and marvelling enquired,
Horrescit visu subito causasque requirit
'Say, sir, what the river that there i' the vale-bottom I see?
inscius Aeneas, quae sint ea flumina porro,
And who they that thickly along its bank have assembled?'
quive viri tanto complerint agmine ripas.

Then Lord Anchises, 'The spirits for whom a second life
Tum pater Anchises: 'animae, quibus altera fato
And body are destined ar' arriving thirsty to Lethe,
corpora debentur, Lethaei ad fluminis undam
And here drink th' unmindful draught from wells of oblivyon.
securos latices et longa oblivia potant.
My heart greatly desired of this very thing to acquaint thee,
has equidem memorare tibi atque ostendere coram,
Yea, and show-thee the men to-be-born, our glory her'after,
iampridem hanc prolem cupio enumerare meorum,
So to gladden thine heart where now thy voyaging endeth.'
quo magis Italia mecum laetere reperta.'
'Must it then be-believ'd, my sire, that a soul which attaineth
'o pater, anne aliquas ad caelum hinc ire putandum est
Elysium will again submit to her old body-burden?
sublimis animas iterumque ad tarda reverti
Is this well? what hap can awake such dire longing in them?'
corpora? quae lucis miseris tam dira cupido?'
'I will tell-thee, O son, nor keep thy wonder awaiting,'
'dicam equidem nec te suspensum, nate, tenebo'
Answereth Anchises, and all expoundeth in order.
suscipit Anchises atque ordine singula pandit.
'Know first that the heavens, and th' Earth, and space fluid or void,
'Principio caelum ac terram camposque liquentis
Night's pallid orb, day's Sun, and all his starry coævals,
lucentemque globum lunae Titaniaque astra
Are by one spirit inly quickened, and, mingling in each part,
spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus

and a Mind spread through each member thrills the universal frame, and blends itself with the mighty mass. Hence men and beasts and birds derive their life, and the strange creatures which the Ocean bears beneath its glassy floor. Heaven is the birthplace of these essences, and theirs a pith of fire, so far as 'tis not clogged by thews of clay, and limbs compact of death.

Sir THEODORE MARTIN
K.C.B., 1896

From these spring fears, desires, and joys and griefs.
Within the darkness of their dungeon pent,
Men look not upward to the heaven beyond ;
Nor even, when life is o'er, do all the ills
And plagues that erewhile did their bodies taint,
Depart, so deep are they perforce engrained
Into their being by long years of sin.
Therefore by penal sufferings must they make
Atonement for misdeeds of former days.

CH. SYMMONS (again)
1814. Bk. VI

Some are suspended in the viewless wind :
Some deep in roaring water are confined ;
And some are exercised with fire's sharp power.
Each soul must prove its expiatory hour.

Mind informs the matter, nature's complexity ruling.
mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.
Thence the living creatures, man, brute, and ev'ry feather'd fowl,
inde hominum pecudumque genus vitaeque volantum
And what breedeth in Ocean aneath her surface of argent :
et quae marmoreo fert monstra sub aequore pontus.
Their seed knoweth a fiery vigour, 'tis of airy divine birth,
igneus est ollis vigor et caelestis origo
In so far as unimpeded by an alien evil,
seminibus, quantum non corpora noxia tardant
Nor dull'd by the body's framework condemn'd to corruption.
terrenique hebetant artus moribundaque membra.
Hence the desires and vain tremblings that assail them, unable
hinc metuunt cupiuntque, dolent gaudentque, neque auras
Darkly prison'd to arise to celestial exaltation ;
dispiciunt clausae tenebris et carcere caeco.
Nor when death summoneth them anon earth-life to relinquish,
quin et supremo cum lumine vita reliquit,
Can they in all discard their stain, nor wholly away with
non tamen omne malum miseris nec funditus omnes
Mortality's plague-spots. It must-be that, O, many wild graffs
corporeae excedunt pestes, penitusque necesse est
Deeply at 'heart engrain'd have rooted strangely upon them :
multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.
Wherefore must suffering purge them, yea, Justice atone them
ergo exercentur poenis veterumque malorum
With penalties heavy as their guilt : some purify exposed
supplicia expendunt : aliae panduntur inanes
Hung to the viewless winds, or others long watery searchings
suspensae ad ventos, aliis sub gurgite vasto
Cleanse i' the ocean-salt, some bathe in fiery renewal :
infectum eluitur scelus aut exuritur igni—
Each cometh unto his own retribution,—if after in ample
quisque suos patimur manis ; exinde per amplum

Then are we sent to range Elysium's sweets :
And few are we who gain these blissful seats,
Till, his full orb complete, long-toiling Time
Has cleansed the foulness of concreted crime,
And left in all its native radiance bright
The etherial sense of elemental light.
Then when a thousand circling years have roll'd,
All thus to Lethe crowd, by Heaven controll'd,
That thence unconscious, they may wish anew
To breathe in bodies, and the sun review.'

. . . . . .

JOHN CONINGTON
1882

There are two gates of Sleep : the one, as story tells
of horn, supplying a ready exit for true spirits :
the other gleaming with the polish of dazzling ivory,
but thro' it the powers below send false dreams to the world above.
Thither Anchises, talking thus, conducts his son and the Sibyl,
and dismisses them by the gate of ivory.

Elysium we attain, but a few, to the fair Happy Woodland,
mittimur Elysium et pauci laeta arva tenemus—
Yet slow time still worketh on us to remove the defilement,
donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe
Till it 'hath eaten away the acquir'd dross, leaving again free
concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit
That first fi͡ery vigour, the celesti͡al virtue of our life.
aetherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.
All whom here thou se͡est, hav accomplished purification :
has omnis, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,
Unto the stream of Lethe a god their company calleth,
Lethaeum ad fluvium deus evocat agmine magno,
That forgetful of old failure, pain & disappointment,
scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revisant
They may again into' earthly bodies with glad courage enter.'
rursus, et incipiant in corpora velle reverti.'

. . . .

Twín be the gates o' the house of sleep: as fable opineth
Sunt geminae Somni portae, quarum altera fertur
One is of horn, and thence for a true dream outlet is easy :
cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris,
Fair the other, shining perfected of ivory carven ;
altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
But false are the visions that thereby find passage upward.
sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia manes.
Soon then as Anchises had spok'n, he-led the Sibyl forth
his ibi tum natum Anchises unaque Sibyllam
And his son, and both dismisst from th' ivory portal.
prosequitur dictis portaque emittit eburna.

PRIAM AND ACHILLES

a Paraphrase of

Iliad xxiv. 339–660 *and*

A CENTO

of previous translations

When Achilles had slain Hector, he kept his body unburied and dishonoured in revenge for Patroclus' death. Zeus was offended, and in a vision advised Priam to buy his son's body from Achilles with a great ransom, and Thetis warned Achilles that he should consent. Since it was certain death for Priam to enter the Grecian camp, the gods promised him the assistance and escort of Hermes. The following passage commences where Hermes is setting out from Olympos to meet Priam by night and ensure his success. Priam is already on his way: he is driving his own chariot, and his servant Idaeus drives the mule-wagon that carries the ransom. Priam does not immediately recognize Hermes in his disguise.

ΜΗΝΙΝ ΑΕΙΔΕ ΘΕΑ ΠΗΛΗΙΑΔΕΩ ΑΧΙΛΗΟΣ
ΟΥΛΟΜΕΝΗΝ, Η ΜΥΡΙ᾽ ΑΧΑΙΟΙΣ ΑΛΓΕ᾽ ΕΘΗΚΕ

Consecutive examples of previous translations

J. CONINGTON
(WORSLEY & CONINGTON)
1868

SO he : nor Hermes slighted his command :

Swift to his feet he bound his sandals fair,

Of deathless gold, that carry him o'er dry land

Or the moist sea, e'en with the winds of air :

Then took his rod, wherewith he lulls whome'er

He listeth, or awakes the slumbering :

Which holding, straight the mighty Argus-slayer

To Troy & Hellespont his way did wing,

In form a princely youth, in life's first, sweetest spring.

PRIAM AND ACHILLES

Line for line paraphrase of Homer
Iliad xxiv. 339–660
with the Greek interlined

THUS sed-he, & Hermes hearing did not disobey him,
Ὣς ἔφατ᾽· οὐδ᾽ ἀπίθησε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης.
But stoop'd quickly to bind his wingèd shoon on his ankles
αὐτίκ᾽ ἔπειθ᾽ ὑπὸ ποσσὶν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα
Gold-glittering, which bear him aloft whether over the ocean
ἀμβρόσια χρύσεια, τά μιν φέρον ἠμὲν ἐφ᾽ ὑγρὴν
Journeying, or whether over the broad earth, swift as a wild wind;
ἠδ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἀπείρονα γαῖαν ἅμα πνοιῇς ἀνέμοιο·
And his Rod, wherewith men's eyes he drowsily sealeth,
εἵλετο δὲ ῥάβδον, τῇ τ᾽ ἀνδρῶν ὄμματα θέλγει
Whom that he list, or again from torpor awakeneth—his wand
ὧν ἐθέλει, τοὺς δ᾽ αὖτε καὶ ὑπνώοντας ἐγείρει·
Seiz'd he in hand, an' arose and sped forth, God's merry angel.
τὴν μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχων πέτετο κρατὺς Ἀργειφόντης.
Till when soon he espied fair Troy & briny Hellespont,
αἶψα δ᾽ ἄρα Τροίην τε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντον ἵκανε,
Then he alighted on earth, to a young prince likening himself
βῆ δ᾽ ἰέναι κούρῳ αἰσυμνητῆρι ἐοικώς,
With first down on^his cheek in manhood's most loveable prime.
πρῶτον ὑπηνήτῃ, τοῦ περ χαριεστάτη ἥβη.

But when the twain by Ilus' tomb had driven,
The horses & the mules awhile they stayed,
To drink ; for darkness had o'erspread the heaven :
When lo ! the herald nearing through the shade
Saw Hermes, & to Priam spake, & said :
'Have care, O king ! in sooth is need of care :
A man I see : our graves will soon be made :
Say, fly we on the horses, or make prayer
For mercy at his knees, if he perchance may spare ?'

R. M. THOMAS
M.A. LOND.

So spake he, & the old man's heart was troubled, & he was sore afraid, and the hair stood stiff on his lithe limbs, & he stood amazed ; but unasked the Luckbringer came nigh, & took the old man's hand & questioned him, & said : 'Whither away, my father, art thou thus guiding thy horses & mules thro' the ambrosial night, when other mortals sleep ? And wast thou not afraid of the Achaeans, who

They meantime onward past th' old tomb-tower of Ilos
Οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν μέγα σῆμα παρὲξ Ἴλοιο ἔλασσαν,
Had driven, & were halting awhile their teams to refresh them
στῆσαν ἄρ' ἡμιόνους τε καὶ ἵππους, ὄφρα πίοιεν,
At the river: when now, as nightfall already darken'd,
ἐν ποταμῷ· δὴ γὰρ καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἤλυθε γαῖαν.
Idaeus descried Hermes very near them approaching,
τὸν δ' ἐξ ἀγχιμόλοιο ἰδὼν ἐφράσσατο κῆρυξ
And turning to Priam, he in earnest whisper addrest him.
Ἑρμείαν, ποτὶ δὲ Πρίαμον φάτο φώνησέν τε·
'Haste to avise-thee, mў liege! an affair for discretion asketh:
"φράζεο, Δαρδανίδη· φραδέος νόου ἔργα τέτυκται.
I see a man, who I think very soon may annihilate us both.
ἄνδρ' ὁρόω, τάχα δ' ἄμμε διαρραίσεσθαι ὀΐω.
Say now, will you we urge our steeds to 'escape from him, or stay
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ φεύγωμεν ἐφ' ἵππων, ἤ μιν ἔπειτα
Friendly to deal, and humbly with all entreaty beseech him?'
γούνων ἁψάμενοι λιτανεύσομεν, αἴ κ' ἐλεήσῃ."

Thus sed-he, but th' old king lost heart & greatly affrighted
Ὣς φάτο, σὺν δὲ γέροντι νόος χύτο, δείδιε δ' αἰνῶς,
Felt his skin to be staring, an' all his limbs wer' atremble:
ὀρθαὶ δὲ τρίχες ἔσταν ἐνὶ γναμπτοῖσι μέλεσσι,
Dazed he stood: but anon Hermes coming up to him outheld
στῆ δὲ ταφών· αὐτὸς δ' ἐριούνιος ἐγγύθεν ἐλθών,
His right hand, and thus with frank enquiry accosted.
χεῖρα γέροντος ἑλὼν ἐξείρετο καὶ προσέειπε·
'Where ever, O father, farest thou with this equipment
"πῇ, πάτερ, ὧδ' ἵππους τε καὶ ἡμιόνους ἰθύνεις
In the hallow'd starlight, when mén are wont to be sleeping?
νύκτα δι' ἀμβροσίην, ὅτε θ' εὕδουσι βροτοὶ ἄλλοι;
Art thou not then afraid o' the slaughter-breathing Achaeans,
οὐδὲ σύ γ' ἔδεισας μένεα πνείοντας Ἀχαιούς,

breathe violence, foes implacable who abide near at hand? Were any one of them to see thee convoying such treasures through the murky night which is fast falling, what device, pray, would be thine? Thyself art not young, & yonder servingman is old to keep off a man that should be forward to vex thee. Nay then, I will do thee no wrong & perchance I may defend thee from another; I deem thee like my own dear father.'

E. H. BLAKENEY
1905

Him, then, did the old man, godlike Priam answer :—

'My son, 'tis, methinks, as thou sayest, yet still, even over me, doth some divinity hold his hand, seeing that he has sent, to meet me, a wayfarer such as thou art, in peaceful guise [*or* for good luck]; in that thou in face & form art so noble, and wise of heart, happy are they that call thee son.'

T. S. BRANDRETH
1846

Him guiding Mercury again address'd:
'Indeed, old man, thou hast all rightly said.
But come now, tell me, & the truth declare;

Those monsters of fury relentless lurking around thee?
οἵ τοι δυσμενέες καὶ ἀνάρσιοι ἐγγὺς ἔασι;
Haply an if one here espied thee, neath the flying night
τῶν εἴ τίς σε ἴδοιτο θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν
Convoying such a prize, how then would thy business be?
τοσσάδ' ὀνείατ' ἄγοντα, τίς ἂν δή τοι νόος εἴη;
Thyself art not young, and th' old man here thy attendant
οὔτ' αὐτὸς νέος ἐσσί, γέρων δέ τοι οὗτος ὀπηδεῖ,
Scarce would serve to protect thee against whoso sh^{d} attack thee.
ἄνδρ' ἀπαμύνασθαι, ὅτε τις πρότερος χαλεπήνῃ.
Ne'ertheless I'd not wrong thee a whit, would rather against all
ἀλλ' ἐγὼ οὐδέν σε ῥέξω κακά, καὶ δέ κεν ἄλλον
Strive to defend; for like mine own father thou appearest.'
σεῦ ἀπαλεξήσαιμι· φίλῳ δέ σε πατρὶ ἐΐσκω."

Him then in answer addrest god-like Priam, Ilyon's old king.
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
'Truly it is very much, my dear son, as thou opinest;
"οὕτω πῃ τάδε γ' ἐστί, φίλον τέκος, ὡς ἀγορεύεις.
Yet some god, 'tw^{d} appear, vouchsafes me a kindly protection,
ἀλλ' ἔτι τις καὶ ἐμεῖο θεῶν ὑπερέσχεθε χεῖρα,
Sending upon my journey to meet me so able a helper
ὅς μοι τοιόνδ' ἧκεν ὁδοιπόρον ἀντιβολῆσαι,
As thyself, for in outward mien not comelier art thou
αἴσιον, οἷος δὴ σὺ δέμας καὶ εἶδος ἀγητός,
Than thou show'st in mind: blessed and happy are thy parents.'
πέπνυσαί τε νόῳ, μακάρων δ' ἔξ ἐσσι τοκήων."

Then bespake him again God's angel, slayer of Argus.
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης·
'Nay and what thou say'st, sir, is all most rightfully spoken.
"ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, γέρον, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες.
But now tell me, I pray, and speak thou truthfully plain words,
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ καὶ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεξον,

Dost thou these treasures to some foreign land
Send forth, that they to thee may safe remain?
Or do ye sacred Ilium all desert
From fear, since such a mighty chief has fallen,
Thy son, who ne'er the Grecian battle shunn'd?'
  To whom old godlike Priam then replied:
'Who art thou, friend, & of what parents sprung
That dost so well my son's sad fate declare?'

J. S. COCHRANE
1867

Him in return the ambassador answer'd, the slayer of Argus:
'Naming thy son, old man, brave Hector, thou meanest to prove me.
Him these eyes full often, indeed, have beheld in the battle,
Glorious fighting, when, routing the sons of Achaia, he slew them,
Down by their deep-hull'd ships, with his sharp spear many destroying.
Wondering greatly we all look'd on, for Peleides Achilles,
Wrathful with King Agamemnon Atreides, debarr'd us from fighting.
Henchman to godlike Achilles am I, one galley convey'd us;

If thou'rt convoying thy wealth & costly-treasur'd store
ἠέ πῃ ἐκπέμπεις κειμήλια πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθλὰ
Unto some outland folk to remain safe for-thee in hiding,
ἄνδρας ἐς ἀλλοδαπούς, ἵνα περ τάδε τοι σόα μίμνῃ,
Or whether all your warrior-folk are abandoning Ilyon
ἦ ἤδη πάντες καταλείπετε Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
In dismay, since that their bravest champyon is undone,
δειδιότες· τοῖος γὰρ ἀνὴρ ὤριστος ὄλωλε
Thy son, who was fearless afield to resist the Achaeans.'
σὸς πάϊς. οὐ μὲν γάρ τι μάχης ἐπεδεύετ' Ἀχαιῶν."

Him then in answer addrest god-like Priam, Ilyon's old king.
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
'Who then, valyant sir, may'st thou be, an' of what parents,
"τίς δὲ σύ ἐσσι, φέριστε, τέων δ' ἔξ ἐσσι τοκήων;
That to me such fair speech hast made of my unhappy son's death?'
ὥς μοι καλὰ τὸν οἶτον ἀπότμου παιδὸς ἔνισπες."

Then bespake him again God's angel, slayer of Argus.
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης·
'Thou wouldst prove me, O king, in making question of Hector.
"πειρᾷ ἐμεῖο, γεραιέ, καὶ εἴρεαι Ἕκτορα δῖον.
Him many times I have seen scattering with glorious onset
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ μάλα πολλὰ μάχῃ ἔνι κυδιανείρῃ
All the battle's nobley: then too when he drave the Achaeans
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὄπωπα, καὶ εὖτ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἐλάσας
Back to the ships, & smote with trenchant blade the flying ranks.
Ἀργείους κτείνεσκε, δαΐζων ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ·
That day stood we aloof wond'ring, for not yet Achilles
ἡμεῖς δ' ἑσταότες θαυμάζομεν· οὐ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
Would let us out to battle, since Atreïdes had aggriev'd him.
εἴα μάρνασθαι, κεχολωμένος Ἀτρεΐωνι.
'Tis to him I give fealty; the same good ship carried us both.
τοῦ γὰρ ἐγὼ θεράπων, μία δ' ἤγαγε νηῦς εὐεργής·

Yes, I am one of the Myrmidon heroes, Polyctor my father ;
Rich he is held, & is now well-stricken in years, as thyself art.
Father of six brave sons was my sire, & myself am the seventh :
Well, lots casting, my own fell out, & I follow'd him hither.
On to the plain I have come from the galleys, because on the morrow
Early the quick-eyed Argives the fight will begin by the city ;
Wrathful the bands feel sitting at rest, while longing for battle ;
None of the chiefs of the fleet-horsed Argives have power to restrain
them.'

C. B. CAYLEY
1877

And thus again godlike Priam bespoke him in answer :
'If the son of Peleus thou servest, even Achilles,
I pray thee, tell me what I ask, & plainly direct me.
Is my son still amongst yon ships, or is he by Achilles
Hack'd & dismember'd, & thrown to the dogs to be eaten ?'
Him the divine legate answer'd, the slayer of Argus :
'Neither a dog, father, nor a bird of prey yet assails him ;
But still is he lying, 'midst yonder tents, by Achilles'

Myrmidon is my nation, a man of plenty, Polyctor,
Μυρμιδόνων δ' ἐξ εἰμι, πατὴρ δέ μοί ἐστι Πολύκτωρ.
Is my sire, in his age reverend & grey-headed as thou.
ἀφνειὸς μὲν ὅ γ' ἐστί, γέρων δὲ δὴ ὡς σύ περ ὧδε,
Six sons hath he beside myself, and I, the seventh son,
ἓξ δέ οἱ υἷες ἔασιν, ἐγὼ δέ οἱ ἕβδομός εἰμι·
In the brothers' lotterie was cast for service against Troy.
τῶν μέτα παλλόμενος κλήρῳ λάχον ἐνθάδ' ἕπεσθαι.
Now I am come to the plain here scouting, for the Achaeans
νῦν δ' ἦλθον πεδίονδ' ἀπὸ νηῶν· ἠῶθεν γὰρ
Will sally forth at dawn in full puissance to attack you:
θήσονται περὶ ἄστυ μάχην ἑλίκωπες Ἀχαιοί.
Long they chafe sitting idle, an' all their kings are unable
ἀσχαλόωσι γὰρ οἵδε καθήμενοι, οὐδὲ δύνανται
In their impacience any more from fight to withhold them.'
ἴσχειν ἐσσυμένους πολέμου βασιλῆες Ἀχαιῶν."

Him then in answer addrest god-like Priam, Ilyon's old king.
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
'If that thōu indeed bĕ the squire of mighty Achilles,
"εἰ μὲν δὴ θεράπων Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
Tell me the whole truth plainly, I pray, nor seek to delude me.
εἶς, ἄγε δή μοι πᾶσαν ἀληθείην κατάλεξον,
Lŷeth yet by the shipping my son's body, or hath Achilles
ἢ ἔτι πὰρ νήεσσιν ἐμὸς πάϊς, ἦέ μιν ἤδη
Rent and cast it away for beasts piecemeal to devour it?'
ᾗσι κυσὶν μελεϊστὶ ταμὼν προὔθηκεν Ἀχιλλεύς."

Then bespake him again God's angel, slayer of Argus.
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης·
'O good sire, not yet hath foul dog nor ravening bird
"ὦ γέρον, οὔ πω τόν γε κύνες φάγον οὐδ' οἰωνοί,
Made their prey of him: ev'n as he was, so lies he neglected
ἀλλ' ἔτι κεῖνος κεῖται Ἀχιλλῆος παρὰ νηῒ

Own galley, where Day-dawn twelve times hath seen him abiding,
Unrotting & unscath'd by crawling worms, such as elsewhere
Mar bodies of warriors low-laid : he 's dragged by Achilles,
Round his friend's monument, each sacred morn that appeareth,
Yet not disfeatur'd ; thou wouldst be amaz'd to behold him
Thyself, so dew-sweet he appears, all gory pollutions
Wash'd off, nor gapeth now a wound on his whole body, whilom
So gash'd; for many foes with brass had cruelly maim'd him.

J. HENRY DART
1865

Therefore, be well assured, that the blessèd Gods for thy brave son
Care, all dead as he is ; & he still is with favor regarded.'
Such were the words of the God ; &, rejoicingly, answer'd the elder.
'It is a good thing, son! to do honor, with gifts, to the altars
Of the immortal powers ;—my own child, while in existence,
Ne'er, in his home, neglected the Gods who inhabit Olympus.
So, in his day of death, by the great Gods he is remember'd.

Hard by Achilles' ship i' the camp: and already twelve days
αὔτως ἐν κλισίῃσι· δυωδεκάτη δέ οἱ ἠὼς
There hath lain, nor doth his flesh rot nor the corrupt worms
κειμένῳ, οὐδέ τί οἱ χρὼς σήπεται, οὐδέ μιν εὐλαὶ
Touch him, that fatten on mankind nor spare the illustrious.
ἔσθουσ', αἵ ῥά τε φῶτας ἀρηϊφάτους κατέδουσιν.
But when morning appears Achilles cometh & draggeth him forth
ἦ μέν μιν περὶ σῆμα ἑοῦ ἑτάροιο φίλοιο
Trailing around the barrow builded to his old companyon.
ἕλκει ἀκηδέστως, ἠὼς ὅτε δῖα φανήῃ,
Nor yet is injury done: thou mightest go thither and see
οὐδέ μιν αἰσχύνει· θηοῖό κεν αὐτὸς ἐπελθὼν
How dew-fresh he lieth, how free from death's blemish or stain:
οἷον ἐερσήεις κεῖται, περὶ δ' αἷμα νένιπται,
His blood bathèd away, & healèd those heavy wounds all
οὐδέ ποθι μιαρός· σὺν δ' ἕλκεα πάντα μέμυκεν,
Where many coward spears had pierc'd his fair body fallen.
ὅσσ' ἐτύπη· πολέες γὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ χαλκὸν ἔλασσαν.
Such care take the blessed gods for thy dearly belov'd son,
ὥς τοι κήδονται μάκαρες θεοὶ υἷος ἑῆος
Yea, tho' he live no more; since they full heartily lov'd him.'
καὶ νέκυός περ ἐόντος, ἐπεί σφι φίλος περὶ κῆρι."

Thus sed-he, and th' old king reassured spake after in answer.
Ὣς φάτο, γήθησεν δ' ὁ γέρων, καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·
'See, lad, how good it is to offer due gifts in atonement
"ὦ τέκος, ἦ ῥ' ἀγαθὸν καὶ ἐναίσιμα δῶρα διδοῦναι
Unto the gods: for, sure as he liv'd, my son never injur'd,
ἀθανάτοις, ἐπεὶ οὔ ποτ' ἐμὸς πάϊς, εἴ ποτ' ἔην γε,
Nay nor at home forgat, the pöwers that rule in Olympos:
λήθετ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισι θεῶν, οἳ Ὄλυμπον ἔχουσι·
Wherefore ev'n i' the grave have they his pîety remember'd.
τῷ οἱ ἀπεμνήσαντο καὶ ἐν θανάτοιό περ αἴσῃ.

But, as a gift from myself, accept this beautiful goblet ;
Keep it with care ; & myself, with the favoring aid of the great Gods,
Safely escort, & guide to the tent of the mighty Pelides.'

EDWIN M. SIMCOX
1865

Him then thus answered the messenger, slayer of Argus :
'Me, a youth, thou temptest, old man, but thou shalt not persuade me,
In that thou biddest me gifts to receive unknown to Achilleus ;
Him do I greatly fear, & reverence too in my spirit,
And I may not such booty take, lest ill come upon me.
But I to thee would conductor be as far as famed Argos,
Heedfully, either in rapid ship, or on foot as thy comrade ;
Nor should any despise, who dared to contend with, thy leader.'

ARTHUR S. WAY
1888

Leapt on the chariot of horses the Helper-god as he spake,
And swiftly the whip and the reins in his grasp of might did he take,
And into the horses and muleteam breathed he mettle stout.
So when they were come to the towers of the ships and the trench thereabout,
Even then were the watchmen preparing their meat of the even-tide ;

But come, an' at my hands this daintily-wrought flagon accept:
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ τόδε δέξαι ἐμεῦ πάρα καλὸν ἄλεισον,
And thou guard & guide me, that I, if so be the gods' will, 430
αὐτόν τε ῥῦσαι, πέμψον δέ με σύν γε θεοῖσιν,
Safe may arrive with these my goods to the tent of Achilles.'
ὄφρα κεν ἐς κλισίην Πηληϊάδεω ἀφίκωμαι."

Him then in answer addrest high Zeuses favouring angel.
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης·
'Tempt not a young man, sire! Thou wilt not lightly corrupt me,
"πειρᾷ ἐμεῖο, γεραιέ, νεωτέρου, οὐδέ με πείσεις,
Thus proffering me presents of worth unknown to Achilles;
ὅς με κέλεαι σέο δῶρα παρὲξ Ἀχιλῆα δέχεσθαι·
Whom I fear, nor ever my heart for shame would allow me
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ δείδοικα καὶ αἰδέομαι περὶ κῆρι
So to defraud, lest haply some ill should come to me after.
συλεύειν, μή μοί τι κακὸν μετόπισθε γένηται.
But as a guide w[d] I aid thee; yea, ev'n to illustrious Argos
σοὶ δ' ἂν ἐγὼ πομπὸς καί κε κλυτὸν Ἄργος ἱκοίμην,
Faithfully both by land and sea w[d] accompany thy way;
ἐνδυκέως ἐν νηῒ θοῇ ἢ πεζὸς ὁμαρτέων·
And not a man for scorn of thine escort sh[d] attack thee.'
οὐκ ἄν τίς τοι πομπὸν ὀνοσσάμενος μαχέσαιτο."

Thus saying, on to the car high heav'n's merry fortuner upsprang,
Ἦ, καὶ ἀναΐξας ἐριούνιος ἅρμα καὶ ἵππους
And, with his either hand reins & whip seizing alertly, 441
καρπαλίμως μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία λάζετο χερσίν,
Both mules and wearied horses with fresh vigour inspired.
ἐν δ' ἔπνευσ' ἵπποισι καὶ ἡμιόνοις μένος ἠΰ.
Till to the fosse they came, & rampart, where the defenders
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πύργους τε νεῶν καὶ τάφρον ἵκοντο,
Chanc't to be off their guard, busilie with their supper engaged;
οἱ δὲ νέον περὶ δόρπα φυλακτῆρες πονέοντο,

But sleep on them all was shed of the Slayer of Argus, the Guide.
And straightway he opened the gates, and backward the bolts he shot,
And Priam and those fair gifts on the wain therethrough hath he brought.

F. W. NEWMAN
1856

But when the tent of Peleus' son they reach'd—a tall pavilion
Which for their Lord the Myrmidons had built with beams of larches
And from the meadow heap'd aloft a roof with rushes downy;
But round, with closely planted stakes a mighty yard they fashioned,
Whose door a single beam of larch did bar, which three Achaeans
(Three of the common sort) would lift to fasten or to open;
But only Achilleus might raise the mighty bar unaided :—

JOHN PURVES
1891

And Hermes, the Benefactor, opened the gate for the old man, and brought in the splendid present for the fleet son of Peleus, & stepped from the chariot to the ground, and spake—'Old man, I who have come to thee am an immortal God, Hermes ; for my

Whom Hermes drowz'd deeply, in senseless slumber immersing
τοῖσι δ' ἐφ' ὕπνον ἔχευε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης
Ev'ryone, and coming up to the gate & thrusting it open
πᾶσιν, ἄφαρ δ' ὤϊξε πύλας καὶ ἀπῶσεν ὀχῆας,
Brought Priam into the camp, & Hector's ransom in his train.
ἐς δ' ἄγαγε Πρίαμόν τε καὶ ἀγλαὰ δῶρ' ἐπ' ἀπήνης.

So full soon they arriv'd at Achilles' lofty pavilyon,
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίην Πηληϊάδεω ἀφίκοντο
That high house which for their king his folk had erected,
ὑψηλήν, τὴν Μυρμιδόνες ποίησαν ἄνακτι
Hewing pines o' the hill for timbering, & for a roof-thatch
δοῦρ' ἐλάτης κέρσαντες· ἀτὰρ καθύπερθεν ἔρεψαν
Harvesting the rushes that grew i' the lowland pastures;
λαχνήεντ' ὄροφον λειμωνόθεν ἀμήσαντες·
And had around the dwelling fenc't for their chieften a wide court
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ μεγάλην αὐλὴν ποίησαν ἄνακτι
With thick stakes, & one huge bar clos'd its carriage-entry,
σταυροῖσιν πυκινοῖσι· θύρην δ' ἔχε μοῦνος ἐπιβλὴς
Made of a pine, which three men of his servants, pulling all three
εἰλάτινος, τὸν τρεῖς μὲν ἐπιρρήσσεσκον Ἀχαιοί,
All together, would shift back or forwards, so immense was
τρεῖς δ' ἀναοίγεσκον μεγάλην κληῗδα θυράων,
His gate-bar, but Peleïdes would handle it himself.
τῶν ἄλλων, Ἀχιλεὺς δ' ἄρ' ἐπιρρήσσεσκε καὶ οἶος·
This gate for th' old king th' archfortuner easily open'd,
δή ῥα τόθ' Ἑρμείας ἐριούνιος ὦξε γέροντι,
And brought in the treasures of Troy to the house of Achilles;
ἐς δ' ἄγαγε κλυτὰ δῶρα ποδώκεϊ Πηλεΐωνι,
And there standing awhile turn'd t'wards Priam, and bespake him.
ἐξ ἵππων δ' ἀπέβαινεν ἐπὶ χθόνα φώνησέν τε·

'O sir, I that accost thee am in good truth the celestial
"ὦ γέρον, ἤτοι ἐγὼ θεὸς ἄμβροτος εἰλήλουθα,

father sent me to be thy conductor: and now I will return again, nor come into the sight of Achilles; it were not well that an immortal god should so openly favour mortal men. But do thou enter, & clasp the knees of Peleides, & beseech him by his father, & by his mother of the lovely locks, & by his son, that thou mayest work upon his mood.'

J. G. CORDERY
1871

He spoke, and to the Olympian steep away
Departed. Priam from the chariot sprang
And left Idaeus there to bide and rein
The mules and horses; but himself passed on
Into the house, wherein the loved of Zeus,
Achilles, oftest sate; whom now within
He found, and of his train all lay aloof,
Save two, Automedon and Alcimus.
These stood there ministering to their lord,
Who just had ceased regale of food and wine;
Still stood the table as before him served.

Hermes, whom great Zeus did charge to attend thee in escort:
Ἑρμείας· σοὶ γάρ με πατὴρ ἅμα πομπὸν ὄπασσεν.
But hence must I turn me again, nor now will I enter
ἀλλ᾽ ἤτοι μὲν ἐγὼ πάλιν εἴσομαι, οὐδ᾽ Ἀχιλῆος
Into Achilles' sight; twould make good cause for his anger
ὀφθαλμοὺς εἴσειμι· νεμεσσητὸν δέ κεν εἴη
Were an immortal god to befriend men so manifestly.
ἀθάνατον θεὸν ὧδε βροτοὺς ἀγαπαζέμεν ἄντην·
Enter thou, and as thou pray'st, in lowliness embrace
τύνη δ᾽ εἰσελθὼν λαβὲ γούνατα Πηλεΐωνος,
His knees, and by^his sire and fair heav'n-born mother implore
καί μιν ὑπὲρ πατρὸς καὶ μητέρος ἠϋκόμοιο
And by^his son, that thou may'st melt his soul with emotion.'
λίσσεο καὶ τέκεος, ἵνα οἱ σὺν θυμὸν ὀρίνῃς."

With these words Hermes sped away for lofty Olympos:
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον
And Priam all fearlessly from off his chariot alighted,
Ἑρμείας· Πρίαμος δ᾽ ἐξ ἵππων ἆλτο χαμᾶζε,
Ordering Idaeus to remain i' the entry to keep watch
Ἰδαῖον δὲ κατ᾽ αὖθι λίπεν· ὁ δὲ μίμνεν ἐρύκων
Over the beasts: th' old king meanwhile strode doughtily onward,
ἵππους ἡμιόνους τε· γέρων δ᾽ ἰθὺς κίεν οἴκου,
Where Achilles was then most wont to be, and sitting indoors
τῇ ῥ᾽ Ἀχιλεὺς ἵζεσκε Διῒ φίλος, ἐν δέ μιν αὐτὸν
Found he him; all his men sat apart; for his only attendance
εὗρ᾽, ἕταροι δ᾽ ἀπάνευθε καθήατο· τὼ δὲ δύ᾽ οἴω,
His squire Automedon and Alkimos in battle upgrown
ἥρως Αὐτομέδων τε καὶ Ἄλκιμος, ὄζος Ἄρηος,
Mov'd busilie to 'an fro serving, for late he had eaten,
ποίπνυον παρεόντε· νέον δ᾽ ἀπέληγεν ἐδωδῆς
And the supper-table disfurnish'd yet stood anigh him.
ἔσθων καὶ πίνων, ἔτι καὶ παρέκειτο τράπεζα.

To whom had Priam come unseen, till, lo,
A sudden apparition there he knelt
Clasping Achilles' knees, kissing the hands,
The terrible murderous hands that slew his sons.

POPE'S HOMER
1720

As when a wretch (who conscious of his crime,
Pursued for murder, flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale ! amazed
All gaze, all wonder : Thus Achilles gazed :
Thus stood the attendants stupid with surprise ;
All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes ;
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke :
 'Ah, think, thou favour'd of the powers divine !
Think of thy father's age and pity mine !
In me that father's reverend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face ;
His trembling limbs, his helpless passion, see !
In all my equal but in misery !

GEO. CHAPMAN
1611

neighbour foes, (thou abſent) taking time
To do him miſchiefe ; no meane left, to terrifie the crime
Of his oppreſſion ; yet he heares, thy graces still suruiue,
And ioyes to heare it ; hoping ſtill, to ſee thee ſafe arriue,

And Priam entering unperceiv'd til he well was among them,
τοὺς δ' ἔλαθ' εἰσελθὼν Πρίαμος μέγας, ἄγχι δ' ἄρα στὰς
Clasp'd his knees & seized his hands all humbly to kiss them,
χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος λάβε γούνατα καὶ κύσε χεῖρας
Those dread murderous hands which his sons so many had slain.
δεινὰς ἀνδροφόνους, αἵ οἱ πολέας κτάνον υἷας.

As when a man whom spite of fate hath curs'd in his own land
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἄνδρ' ἄτη πυκινὴ λάβῃ, ὅς τ' ἐνὶ πάτρῃ
For homicide, that he fleeeth abroad & seeketh asylum
φῶτα κατακτείνας ἄλλων ἐξίκετο δῆμον,
With some lord, and they that see^him are fill'd with amazement,
ἀνδρὸς ἐς ἀφνειοῦ, θάμβος δ' ἔχει εἰσορόωντας,
Ev'n so now Achilles was amaz'd as he saw Priam enter,
ὣς Ἀχιλεὺς θάμβησεν ἰδὼν Πρίαμον θεοειδέα·
And the men all wer' amaz'd, & lookt upon each other in turn.
θάμβησαν δὲ καὶ ἄλλοι, ἐς ἀλλήλους δὲ ἴδοντο.

But Priam (as Hermes had bade) bow'd down to beseech him.
τὸν καὶ λισσόμενος Πρίαμος πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπε·
'O God-like Achilles, thy father call to remembrance,
"μνῆσαι πατρὸς σοῖο, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
How he is halting as I, i' the dark'ning doorway of old age,
τηλίκου ὥς περ ἐγών, ὀλοῷ ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδῷ·
And desolately liveth, while all they that dwell about him
καὶ μέν που κεῖνον περιναιέται ἀμφὶς ἐόντες
Vex him, nor hath he one from their violence to defend him:
τείρουσ', οὐδέ τίς ἐστιν ἀρὴν καὶ λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι.
Yet but an heareth he aught of thee, thy wellbeing in life,
ἀλλ' ἤτοι κεῖνός γε σέθεν ζώοντος ἀκούων
Then he rejoiceth an' all his days are glad with a good hope
χαίρει τ' ἐν θυμῷ, ἐπί τ' ἔλπεται ἤματα πάντα
Soon to behold thee again, his son safe home from the warfare.
ὄψεσθαι φίλον υἱὸν ἀπὸ Τροίηθεν ἰόντα·

From ruin'd *Troy*: but I (curst man) of all my race, ſhall liue
To ſee none liuing. Fiftie ſonnes the Deities did giue,
My hopes to liue in; all aliue, when neare our trembling ſhore
The *Greeke* ſhips harbor'd; and one wombe, nineteene of thoſe ſons bore.
Now *Mars*, a number of their knees hath ſtrengthleſſe left; and he
That was (of all) my onely ioy, and *Troyes* ſole guard; by thee
(Late fighting for his countrey) ſlaine; whose tenderd person, now
I come to ranſome. Infinite, is that I offer you,
Myſelfe conferring it: exposde, alone to all your oddes:
Onely imploring right of armes. *Achilles*, feare the gods,
Pitie an old man, like thy ſire; different in onely this,
That I am wretcheder, and beare that weight of miſeries
That neuer man did; my curſt lips, enforc't to kiſſe that hand
That ſleue my children.'

WILLIAM SOTHEBY
1831

That woe, that form allay'd Peleides' ire,
And to his heart recall'd his helpless sire,
And aw'd by reverence for that head belov'd
Took Priam's hand, & from him gently mov'd

But most hapless am I, for I had sons numerous and brave
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ πανάποτμος, ἐπεὶ τέκον υἷας ἀρίστους
In wide Troy; where bē they now? scarce is one o' them left.
Τροίῃ ἐν εὐρείῃ, τῶν δ' οὔ τινά φημι λελεῖφθαι.
They were fifty the day ye arriv'd hither out of Achaia,
πεντήκοντά μοι ἦσαν, ὅτ' ἤλυθον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν·
Nineteen royally born princes from one mother only,
ἐννεακαίδεκα μέν μοι ἰῆς ἐκ νηδύος ἦσαν,
While the others women of my house had borne me; of all these
τοὺς δ' ἄλλους μοι ἔτικτον ἐνὶ μεγάροισι γυναῖκες.
Truly the greater part hath Ares in grim battle unstrung.
τῶν μὲν πολλῶν θοῦρος Ἄρης ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν·
But hé, who was alone the city's lov'd guardian and stay,
ὃς δέ μοι οἶος ἔην, εἴρυτο δὲ ἄστυ καὶ αὐτούς,
Few days since thou slew'st him alas ! his country defending,
τὸν σὺ πρώην κτεῖνας ἀμυνόμενον περὶ πάτρης,
Hector, for whose sake am I-come to the ships of Achaia
Ἕκτορα· τοῦ νῦν εἵνεχ' ἱκάνω νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
His body dear to redeem, offering thee a ransom abundant.
λυσόμενος παρὰ σεῖο, φέρω δ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα·
O God-like Achilles, have fear o' the gods, pity him too,
ἀλλ' αἰδεῖο θεούς, Ἀχιλεῦ, αὐτόν τ' ἐλέησον,
Thy sire also remember, having yet more pity on mé,
μνησάμενος σοῦ πατρός· ἐγὼ δ' ἐλεεινότερός περ,
Who now stoop me beneath what dread deed mortal ever dar'd,
ἔτλην δ' οἷ' οὔ πώ τις ἐπιχθόνιος βροτὸς ἄλλος,
Raising the hand that slew his son pitiably to kiss it.'
ἀνδρὸς παιδοφόνοιο ποτὶ στόμα χεῖρ' ὀρέγεσθαι."

Then did Achilles yearn for thought of his ancient father,
Ὣς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα πατρὸς ὑφ' ἵμερον ὦρσε γόοιο·
And from th' old king's seizure his own hand gently disengag'd.
ἁψάμενος δ' ἄρα χειρὸς ἀπώσατο ἦκα γέροντα.

That aged man, who, bow'd in hopeless woe,
Rememb'ring Hector, gave his tears to flow.
Now for his sire warm tears Peleides shed,
Now wept in change of woe Patroclus dead.
Groan echo'd groan : but when o'erwearied grief
In pause of satiate misery found relief,
He rose, clasp'd Priam's hand, & kindly rear'd
In pity of his age, and snow-white beard.

WM. COWPER
1791

Whom in wing'd accents kind he thus bespake.
'Wretched indeed ! ah what must thou have felt !
How hast thou dared to seek alone the fleet
Of the Achaians, and his face by whom
So many of thy valiant sons have fallen ?
Thou hast a heart of iron, terror-proof.
Come—sit beside me—Let us, if we may,
Great mourners both, bid sorrow sleep awhile.
There is no profit of our sighs and tears ;

And each brooded apart; Priam o'er victorious Hector
τὼ δὲ μνησαμένω, ὁ μὲν Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
Groan'd, low faln to the ground unnerved at feet of Achilles,
κλαῖ᾽ ἀδινὰ προπάροιθε ποδῶν Ἀχιλῆος ἐλυσθείς,
Who sat mourning awhile his sire, then turn'd to bewailing
αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς κλαῖεν ἑὸν πατέρ᾽, ἄλλοτε δ᾽ αὖτε
Patroclus; while loudly the house with their sobbing outrang.
Πάτροκλον· τῶν δὲ στοναχὴ κατὰ δώματ᾽ ὀρώρει.

But when Achilles now had sooth'd his soul in affection,
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥα γόοιο τετάρπετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
And all his bosom had disburden'd of passion extreme,
καί οἱ ἀπὸ πραπίδων ἦλθ᾽ ἵμερος ἠδ᾽ ἀπὸ γυίων,
Swiftly from off his seat he arose, & old Priam uprais'd,
αὐτίκ᾽ ἀπὸ θρόνου ὦρτο, γέροντα δὲ χειρὸς ἀνίστη,
In pity & reverence for his age & silvery-blancht head,
οἰκτίρων πολιόν τε κάρη πολιόν τε γένειον,
And making full answer addrest him in airywingèd words.
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

'Unhappy man! what mighty sorrows must thy spirit endure!
"ἆ δείλ᾽, ἦ δὴ πολλὰ κάκ᾽ ἄνσχεο σὸν κατὰ θυμόν.
Nay, how durst thou come thus alone to the ships of Achaia,
πῶς ἔτλης ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἐλθέμεν οἶος
Into the sight of him who thy sons so many and good
ἀνδρὸς ἐς ὀφθαλμούς, ὅς τοι πολέας τε καὶ ἐσθλοὺς
Spoil'd and sent to the grave? Verilie thy heart is of iron.
υἱέας ἐξενάριξα; σιδήρειόν νύ τοι ἦτορ.
But come, sit thee beside me upon my couch; let us alwise
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε δὴ κατ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἕζευ ἐπὶ θρόνου, ἄλγεα δ᾽ ἔμπης
Now put away our griefs, sore tho' we be plagued with affliction.
ἐν θυμῷ κατακεῖσθαι ἐάσομεν ἀχνύμενοί περ·
Truly there is no gain in distressful lamentation,
οὐ γάρ τις πρῆξις πέλεται κρυεροῖο γόοιο·

For thus, exempt from care themselves—the gods
Ordain man's miserable race to mourn.

  Fast by the threshold of Jove's courts are placed
Two casks, one stored with evil, one with good,
From which the god dispenses as he wills.
For whom the glorious Thunderer mingles both,
He leads a life chequered with good and ill
Alternate . . .

EARL OF DERBY
1864

To whom the ill alone, him foul disgrace
And grinding mis'ry o'er the earth pursue:
By God & man alike despis'd he roams.
Thus from his birth the Gods to Peleus gave
Excellent gifts; with wealth & substance bless'd
Above his fellows; o'er the Myrmidons
He ruled with sov'reign sway; & Heaven bestow'd
On him, a mortal, an immortal bride.
Yet this of ill was mingled in his lot,
That in his house no rising race he saw
Of future Kings; one only son he had,
One doom'd to early death; nor is it mine

Since the eternal gods have assign'd to us unhappy mortals
ὡς γὰρ ἐπεκλώσαντο θεοὶ δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσι,
Hardship enough, while they enjoy bliss idly without end.
ζώειν ἀχνυμένοις· αὐτοὶ δέ τ' ἀκηδέες εἰσί.
  Two jars, say-they, await God's hand at th' entry of his court,
δοιοὶ γάρ τε πίθοι κατακείαται ἐν Διὸς οὔδει
Stor'd ready with free gifts, of good things one, one of evil.
δώρων οἷα δίδωσι, κακῶν, ἕτερος δὲ ἑάων·
If mingling from both heav'n's thunderer equaly dispense,
ᾧ μέν κ' ἀμμείξας δώῃ Ζεὺς τερπικέραυνος,
Then will a man's fortune be chequer'd with both sorrow and joy;
ἄλλοτε μέν τε κακῷ ὅ γε κύρεται, ἄλλοτε δ' ἐσθλῷ·
But to' whom Zeus giveth only of evil that man is outcast,
ᾧ δέ κε τῶν λυγρῶν δώῃ, λωβητὸν ἔθηκε,
Hunger houndeth him on disconsolate over the brave earth,
καί ἑ κακὴ βούβρωσις ἐπὶ χθόνα δῖαν ἐλαύνει,
Unrespected alike whether of mortals or immortals.
φοιτᾷ δ' οὔτε θεοῖσι τετιμένος οὔτε βροτοῖσιν.
So my sire Peleus was dow'r'd with favour abounding,
ὣς μὲν καὶ Πηλῆϊ θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα
And, from birth and cradle honour'd, all men living outshone
ἐκ γενετῆς· πάντας γὰρ ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους ἐκέκαστο
In wealth & happiness, king o'er his Myrmidon armies:
ὄλβῳ τε πλούτῳ τε, ἄνασσε δὲ Μυρμιδόνεσσι,
And tho' he was but a man, Zeus made him a fair goddess espouse.
καί οἱ θνητῷ ἐόντι θεὰν ποίησαν ἄκοιτιν.
But yet an' ev'n to him was an ill thrown in, that he hath not
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ καὶ τῷ θῆκε θεὸς κακόν, ὅττί οἱ οὔ τι
Sons born into his house to retain its empery,—one son
παίδων ἐν μεγάροισι γονὴ γένετο κρειόντων,
Only he gat, one doom'd to a fate untimely, nor ev̂n he
ἀλλ' ἕνα παῖδα τέκεν παναώριον· οὐδέ νυ τόν γε

To tend my father's age; but far from home
Thee and thy sons in Troy I vex with war.
Much have we heard too of thy former wealth;
Above what Lesbos northward, Macar's seat,
Contains, & upper Phrygia, & the shores
Of boundless Hellespont, 'tis said that thou
In wealth and number of thy sons wast bless'd.
But since on thee this curse the Gods have brought,
Still round thy city war and slaughter rage.
Bear up, nor thus with grief incessant mourn;
Vain is thy sorrow for thy gallant son;
Thou canst not raise him, & mayst suffer more.'

ICHABOD CH. WRIGHT
1865

Him answered godlike Priam, aged king:
'Lead me not to a seat, Jove-nurtured prince,
While Hector lies uncared for in the tent;
But oh, release him quickly, that mine eyes
Once more may see him; and do thou accept
The many gifts we for his ransom bring;
And mayest thou enjoy them, and return

Comforts th' old man at home, since exiled far from him I bide
γηράσκοντα κομίζω, ἐπεὶ μάλα τηλόθι πάτρης
Here in Troy, thy sons' destruction compassing and thine.
ἧμαι ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, σέ τε κήδων ἠδὲ σὰ τέκνα.
Thou too, sir, we have heard enjoy'd'st good fortune aforetime;
καὶ σέ, γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν ὄλβιον εἶναι·
From Mytilene in Lesbos away to the boundary eastward
ὅσσον Λέσβος ἄνω, Μάκαρος ἕδος, ἐντὸς ἐέργει,
Of Phrygia's highlands, & north to the briny Hellespont,
καὶ Φρυγίη καθύπερθε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντος ἀπείρων,
Thou, sir, didst all men for wealth & progeny excel:
τῶν σε, γέρον, πλούτῳ τε καὶ υἱάσι φασὶ κεκάσθαι.
But when once th' high gods let loose this mischief anigh thee,
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί τοι πῆμα τόδ' ἤγαγον Οὐρανίωνες,
Thy city was compast with nought but fierce battle and blood.
αἰεί τοι περὶ ἄστυ μάχαι τ' ἀνδροκτασίαι τε.
Bear up, allow thy temper awhile some respite of anguish:
ἄνσχεο, μηδ' ἀλίαστον ὀδύρεο σὸν κατὰ θυμόν·
Thou wilt not benefit thy dear son vainly bewailing,
οὐ γάρ τι πρήξεις ἀκαχήμενος υἷος ἑῆος,
Nor restore him alive ere thou taste further affliction.'
οὐδέ μιν ἀνστήσεις, πρὶν καὶ κακὸν ἄλλο πάθῃσθα."

Him then in answer addrest god-like Priam, Ilyon's old king.
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
'Bid me not, O heav'nborn, to be seated, while ever Hector
"μή πω μ' ἐς θρόνον ἵζε, διοτρεφές, ὄφρα κεν Ἕκτωρ
Lŷeth i' the camp dishonour'd, nay rather quickly with all speed
κεῖται ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἀκηδής, ἀλλὰ τάχιστα
Fetch him here to my eyes; and this great ransom apportion'd
λῦσον, ἵν' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδω· σὺ δὲ δέξαι ἄποινα
Unto^his worth accept: may^it serve thy good pleasure, and thou
πολλά, τά τοι φέρομεν· σὺ δὲ τῶνδ' ἀπόναιο, καὶ ἔλθοις

Safe to thy native land again, since thou
Permittest me to live, and to behold
The light of day.'

W. LEAF
1881–1893

Then fleet-footed Achilles looked sternly upon him and said, 'No longer chafe me, old sire; of myself I am minded to give Hector back to thee, for there came to me a messenger from Zeus, even my mother who bare me, daughter of the Ancient One of the Sea. And I know, O Priam, in my mind, nor am I unaware that some god it is that hath guided thee to the swift ships of the Achaians. For no mortal man, even though in prime of youth, would dare to come among the host, for neither could he escape the watch, nor easily thrust back the bolts of our doors. Therefore now stir my heart no more here amid my troubles, lest I leave not even thee in peace, old sire, within my hut, albeit thou art my suppliant, & lest I transgress the commandment of Zeus.'

CHARLES MERIVALE
1869

He spake ; the old man trembled, obey'd, & silent sate :
Then Peleïde, like a lion wood, forth bounded from the gate ;

Safely return to thy home and sire, since now thou allow'st me
σὴν ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν, ἐπεί με πρῶτον ἔασας
Still to renew my days i' the light o' the sun to behold it.'
αὐτόν τε ζώειν, καὶ ὁρᾶν φάος ἠελίοιο."

Then glancing full dourly bespake him swift-foot Achilles.
Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
'O sir, vex me no more: myself I am already minded
"μηκέτι νῦν μ' ἐρέθιζε, γέρον· νοέω δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
Now to restore him. Awhile Zeus sent one here to command me,
Ἕκτορά τοι λῦσαι, Διόθεν δέ μοι ἄγγελος ἦλθε
My mother,—and the wizard who hometh in Ocean is her sire.
μήτηρ, ἥ μ' ἔτεκεν, θυγάτηρ ἁλίοιο γέροντος.
Yea, an' I-know, Priam, also^of thee,—think not to deceive me—
καὶ δὲ σὲ γιγνώσκω, Πρίαμε, φρεσίν, οὐδέ με λήθεις,
That 'twas a god who brought-thee hither to the ships of Achaia,
ὅττι θεῶν τίς σ' ἦγε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.
Since no mortal alive would dare, nay not one in his prime,
οὐ γάρ κε τλαίη βροτὸς ἐλθέμεν, οὐδὲ μάλ' ἡβῶν,
Here to' intrude, neither c^d he pass our senteries unseen,
ἐς στρατόν· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἂν φυλάκους λάθοι, οὐδέ κ' ὀχῆα
Nor the resistant bars of my doors easily undo.
ῥεῖα μετοχλίσσειε θυράων ἡμετεράων.
Spare then again to provoke my soul o'erstrain'd in affliction,
τῷ νῦν μή μοι μᾶλλον ἐν ἄλγεσι θυμὸν ὀρίνῃς,
Lest, old king, I do-thee a wrong in thine enemy's camp,
μή σε, γέρον, οὐδ' αὐτὸν ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἐάσω
Lest I in anger offend mine own honour and sin against God.'
καὶ ἱκέτην περ ἐόντα, Διὸς δ' ἀλίτωμαι ἐφετμάς."

Thus he spake, and th' old king afeard in trembling obey'd him.
Ὣς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δ' ὁ γέρων καὶ ἐπείθετο μύθῳ.
Peleïdes then arose, and sprang out over the doorway
Πηλεΐδης δ' οἴκοιο λέων ὣς ἆλτο θύραζε,

Nor went he uncompanion'd, but followed liegemen twain,
Alcimus & Automedon,
Whom after dead Patroclus gone he most to love was fain :—
And these from car & waggon released they horse & mule,
And Priam's herald brought they in, & placed him on a stool ;
Then from the wheel-bound waggon the price of Hector's head,
That ransom rich they took, but left
Two robes, & vest of dainty weft, wherewith to wrap the dead,
And bear it home for burial : his handmaids then call'd he,
To wash & oil the corpse apart, where Priam might not see ;
Lest he, his son espying, should raise his desperate hand,
And Peleïde's wrathful soul provoke
To deal him death with furious stroke, & sin 'gainst heaven's command.
So when with oil & water the maids had wash'd the dead,
And robe & tunic o'er it thrown, his liegemen Peleïde led,

Like a lion, nor alone; for with him two followers went,
οὐκ οἶος, ἅμα τῷ γε δύω θεράποντες ἕποντο,
Automedon the renown'd, and Alkimos, of many heroes
ἥρως Αὐτομέδων ἠδ' Ἄλκιμος, οὓς ῥα μάλιστα
First in honour since Patroclus was lost to him in death.
τῖ' Ἀχιλεὺς ἑτάρων μετὰ Πάτροκλόν γε θανόντα,
They then quickly the beasts all from their harnessing unyoked,
οἳ τόθ' ὑπὸ ζυγόφιν λύον ἵππους ἡμιόνους τε,
And bidding into the house the herald in royal attendance,
ἐς δ' ἄγαγον κήρυκα καλήτορα τοῖο γέροντος,
Made him there to be seated: anon they from the wagon lift
κὰδ δ' ἐπὶ δίφρου εἷσαν· ἐϋξέστου δ' ἀπ' ἀπήνης
Great Hector's body-ransom of ungrudg'd costliness untold:
ᾕρεον Ἑκτορέης κεφαλῆς ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα.
Two rich mantles left they, a tunicle of linen also,
κὰδ δ' ἔλιπον δύο φάρε' ἐΰννητόν τε χιτῶνα,
Comely to shroud his corpse when 'twas given-up to be borne home.
ὄφρα νέκυν πυκάσας δοίη οἶκόνδε φέρεσθαι.
And the women were call'd who laved it an' after anointed
δμῳὰς δ' ἐκκαλέσας λοῦσαι κέλετ' ἀμφί τ' ἀλεῖψαι,
Laid in a chamber apart, lest if Priam 'haply beheld it
νόσφιν ἀειράσας, ὡς μὴ Πρίαμος ἴδοι υἱόν,
In his affliction he might restrain not his undying anger,
μὴ ὁ μὲν ἀχνυμένῃ κραδίῃ χόλον οὐκ ἐρύσαιτο
But break out and kindle the anguisht heart of Achilles,
παῖδα ἰδών, Ἀχιλῆϊ δ' ὀρινθείη φίλον ἦτορ,
Who might slay him an' in blind recklessness sin against God.
καί ἑ κατακτείνειε, Διὸς δ' ἀλίτηται ἐφετμάς.
So the women-servants lav'd Hector's corpse an' anointed,
τὸν δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν δμῳαὶ λοῦσαν καὶ χρῖσαν ἐλαίῳ,
Shrouded it in the linen with broider'd mantle around it:
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν φᾶρος καλὸν βάλον ἠδὲ χιτῶνα,
Then himself Achilles on a fair bier laid it, assisted
αὐτὸς τόν γ' Ἀχιλεὺς λεχέων ἐπέθηκεν ἀείρας,

& with them rais'd & laid it high on the wain to ride;—
Then groan'd, & on his comrade's name call'd mournfully, & cried:—

THEO. ALOIS BUCKLEY
1851

'O Patroclus, be not wrathful with me, if thou shouldest hear, although being in Hades, that I have ransomed noble Hector to his beloved father, since he has not given me unworthy ransoms. Besides even of these will I give thee a share, whatever is just.'

Noble Achilles spoke, & returned into the tent, and sat down upon a well-made couch, whence he had risen, at the opposite wall, and addressed Priam.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
Boston 1870

'Behold thy son is ransomed, aged man,
As thou hast asked, & lies upon his bier;
Thou shalt behold him with the early dawn,
And bear him hence. Now let us break our fast,
For even Niobe, the golden-haired,
Refrained not from her food, though children twelve
Perished within her palace,—six young sons
And six fair daughters. Phoebus slew the sons

By his two followers, and on to Priam's wagon upraised,
σὺν δ' ἕταροι ἤειραν ἐϋξέστην ἐπ' ἀπήνην.
Groaning deeply' and calling aloud on his old companyon.
ᾤμωξέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα, φίλον δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἑταῖρον·

'Be not aggriev'd, Patroclus, against me an' if thōu hearest,
"μή μοι, Πάτροκλε, σκυδμαινέμεν, αἴ κε πύθηαι
Tho' i' the grave, that now I allow the surrender of Hector
εἰν Ἄϊδός περ ἐὼν ὅτι Ἕκτορα δῖον ἔλυσα
Unto his sire, for surely he pays me full ample a ransom.
πατρὶ φίλῳ, ἐπεὶ οὔ μοι ἀεικέα δῶκεν ἄποινα.
Thine is it all, as ever thou sharedst with me in all things.'
σοὶ δ' αὖ ἐγὼ καὶ τῶνδ' ἀποδάσσομαι ὅσσ' ἐπέοικεν."
With these words he return'd to his house, god-hearted Achilles,
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐς κλισίην πάλιν ἤϊε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
Taking again his accustom'd seat whence late he had upris'n,
ἕζετο δ' ἐν κλισμῷ πολυδαιδάλῳ ἔνθεν ἀνέστη,
On one side opposite to Priam whom straight he addrest thus.
τοίχου τοῦ ἑτέρου, ποτὶ δὲ Πρίαμον φάτο μῦθον·

'Thy son now, sir, is ev'n as thou hast pray'd to me restor'd.
"υἱὸς μὲν δή τοι λέλυται, γέρον, ὡς ἐκέλευες,
His body lies on a bier, with dawn thou'rt free to behold him
κεῖται δ' ἐν λεχέεσσ'· ἅμα δ' ἠοῖ φαινομένηφιν
And to depart with him home: take thought now but to refresh thee.
ὄψεαι αὐτὸς ἄγων· νῦν δὲ μνησώμεθα δόρπου.
Nay nor was grand-tress'd Niobe disdainful of eating,
καὶ γάρ τ' ἠΰκομος Νιόβη ἐμνήσατο σίτου,
When her twelve children lay dead in her palace outstretch'd.
τῇ περ δώδεκα παῖδες ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ὄλοντο,
Six blossoming daughters had she 'and six lusty growing sons,
ἓξ μὲν θυγατέρες, ἓξ δ' υἱέες ἡβώοντες.
But her boys did Apollo^in silvery archery destroy
τοὺς μὲν Ἀπόλλων πέφνεν ἀπ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο

With arrows from his silver bow, incensed
At Niobe, while Dian, archer-queen,
Struck down the daughters ; for the mother dared
To make herself the peer of rosy-cheeked
Latona, who, she boastfully proclaimed,
Had borne two children only, while herself
Had brought forth many. Yet, though only two,
The children of Latona took the lives
Of all her own. Nine days the corses lay
In blood, and there was none to bury them,
For Jove had changed the dwellers of the place
To stone ; but on the tenth the gods of heaven
Gave burial to the dead. Yet Niobe,
Though spent with weeping long, did not refrain
From food.

R. B. in *Prometheus*
1883

And somewhere now among lone mountain rocks
On Sipylus, where couch the nymphs at night
Who dance all day by Achelous' stream,
The once-proud mother lies, herself a rock,
And in cold breast broods o'er the goddes wrong.

W. G. T. BARTER
1854

Let us two think of food, old man divine,
And then thy son to Ilium taking rue,
For much thou mourn him must, that son of thine.'
This said, Achilles rose, & white sheep slew,

Wrathful against her, an' all her daughters Artemis o'erthrew,
χωόμενος Νιόβῃ, τὰς δ' Ἄρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα,
For that against Leto the goddess their great mother had she
οὕνεκ' ἄρα Λητοῖ ἰσάσκετο καλλιπαρῄῳ.
Vaunted, "thou 'st two only, but I have borne many myself."
φῆ δοιὼ τεκέειν· ἡ δ' αὐτὴ γείνατο πολλούς.
Then they, tho' but a pair, all her fair quantity fordid.
τὼ δ' ἄρα καὶ δοιώ περ ἐόντ' ἀπὸ πάντας ὄλεσσαν.
Nine days lay they on earth expos'd in butchery, no one
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐννῆμαρ κέατ' ἐν φόνῳ, οὐδέ τις ἦεν
Could bury them, for men smitten in God's fury were as stones.
κατθάψαι, λαοὺς δὲ λίθους ποίησε Κρονίων,
Then the 'high gods themselves came down & their burial made.
τοὺς δ' ἄρα τῇ δεκάτῃ θάψαν θεοὶ Οὐρανίωνες.
But Niobe took thought to renounce not food in affliction;
ἡ δ' ἄρα σίτου μνήσατ', ἐπεὶ κάμε δάκρυ χέουσα.
And somewhere ev'n now, on a mountain pasture among rocks,
νῦν δέ που ἐν πέτρῃσιν, ἐν οὔρεσιν οἰοπόλοισιν,
On Sipylus, where, as 'tis told, all-nightly the nymphs lie,
ἐν Σιπύλῳ, ὅθι φασὶ θεάων ἔμμεναι εὐνὰς
Who by day go dancing along splendent Achelous,
νυμφάων, αἵ τ' ἀμφ' Ἀχελώϊον ἐῤῥώσαντο,
There in stone the mother sits brooding upon the goddes wrong.
ἔνθα λίθος περ ἐοῦσα θεῶν ἐκ κήδεα πέσσει.
But come, now let us also remember, most reverend guest,
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ καὶ νῶϊ μεδώμεθα, δῖε γεραιέ,
Our food. After again, at what time thou carry him home,
σίτου· ἔπειτά κεν αὖτε φίλον παῖδα κλαίοισθα,
Thou may'st weep thy son; heavy too will that sorrowing be.'
Ἴλιον εἰσαγαγών· πολυδάκρυτος δέ τοι ἔσται."

Thus sed-he, & forthwith went out, & seizing a white sheep
Ἦ, καὶ ἀναΐξας ὄϊν ἄργυφον ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς

Flay'd it his friends & trimm'd in order due.
In pieces skilful cut, & hang them did
On hooks & featly roast, & all withdrew.
Automedon at table set the bread
In baskets fair. Achilles meat distributed.

Sir JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL
1866

Each then stretched forth his hand & partook the viands before him.
Now when at length the pangs of hunger & thirst were abated,
Gazed on Achilles' lofty form Dardanian Priam,
Struck with amaze at his godlike mien & imperial bearing.
Nor did Achilles less admire Dardanian Priam,
Touched by his looks, so mild, & good, & his courteous expressions.
Long on each other their eyes they fixed, till, satiate with gazing,
Thus broke silence at last, & spake illustrious Priam:
'Send me now quickly to rest, O heav'n born prince, that reposing,
Both may recruit our strength & partake the blessings of slumber.

SAMUEL BUTLER
1898

Never once have my eyes been closed from the day your hands

Kill'd it, an' his followers skinning & dismembering aptly
σφάξ'· ἕταροι δ' ἔδερόν τε καὶ ἄμφεπον εὖ κατὰ κόσμον,
Into lesser portions cut it up, which fixing upon spits
μίστυλλόν τ' ἄρ' ἐπισταμένως, πεῖράν τ' ὀβελοῖσιν,
Laid they anigh to the fire, & drew off daintily roasted.
ὤπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.
Meanwhile Automedon set fine loaves out on a table
Αὐτομέδων δ' ἄρα σῖτον ἑλὼν ἐπένειμε τραπέζῃ
In baskets, but Achilles made the apportioning of flesh.
καλοῖς ἐν κανέοισιν· ἀτὰρ κρέα νεῖμεν Ἀχιλλεύς.

Then leapt forth their hands to the good cheer outspread afore them.
οἱ δ' ἐπ' ὀνείαθ' ἑτοῖμα προκείμενα χεῖρας ἴαλλον.
But when anon they^had ta'en their fill of drinking an' eating,
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἕντο,
Then Priam in wonder sat mute as he gaz'd on Achilles,
ἤτοι Δαρδανίδης Πρίαμος θαύμαζ' Ἀχιλῆα,
In what prime, yea a man whom no god's beauty c^{d} excel;
ὅσσος ἔην, οἷός τε· θεοῖσι γὰρ ἄντα ἐῴκει·
And Achilles on comely Priam look'd, marvelling also,
αὐτὰρ ὁ Δαρδανίδην Πρίαμον θαύμαζεν Ἀχιλλεύς,
Considering his gracious addrèss and noble bearing:
εἰσορόων ὄψιν τ' ἀγαθὴν καὶ μῦθον ἀκούων.
Till their hearts wer' appeas'd gazing thus on each other intent.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάρπησαν ἐς ἀλλήλους ὁρόωντες,
When first broke silence god-like Priam, Ilyon's old king.
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·

'Lead me to bed, heav'n-born, as soon as may be, let us both
"λέξον νῦν με τάχιστα, διοτρεφές, ὄφρα καὶ ἤδη
In kind slumber awhile forgetfully drowse our senses:
ὕπνῳ ὕπο γλυκερῷ ταρπώμεθα κοιμηθέντες·
For never hath sweet sleep seal'd mine eyelids for a moment
οὐ γάρ πω μύσαν ὄσσε ὑπὸ βλεφάροισιν ἐμοῖσιν

took the life of my son ; I have grovelled without ceasing in the mire of my stable-yard, making moan and brooding over my countless sorrows. Now, moreover, I have eaten bread and drunk wine; hitherto I have tasted nothing.'

As he spoke Achilles told his men and the woman-servants to set beds in the room that was in the gatehouse, and make them with good red rugs, and spread coverlets on the top of them with woollen cloaks for Priam and Idaeus to wear. So the maids went out carrying a torch, and got the two beds ready in all haste.

T. S. NORGATE
1864

Anon footswift Achilles laughingly
Accosted thus his guest : 'In outer room,
Dear rev'rend sire, now lay thee ; lest perchance
Hither should come some Argive prince of counsel ;
For ever sitting here with me are such,
To ponder plans, e'en as 'tis meet and right :
Of whom should haply any one spy *thee*
During the dark swift-passing night, then sure

Since the sad hour when aneath thy hand mine unhappy son fell:
ἐξ οὗ σῇς ὑπὸ χερσὶν ἐμὸς πάϊς ὤλεσε θυμόν,
But ever o'erbrooding the deluge of my sorrow I lay
ἀλλ' αἰεὶ στενάχω καὶ κήδεα μυρία πέσσω,
'Mong the cattle grovelling disgraced i' the mire o' the courtyard.
αὐλῆς ἐν χόρτοισι κυλινδόμενος κατὰ κόπρον.
But now bread have I eaten again, & pour'd the mellow wine
νῦν δὴ καὶ σίτου πασάμην καὶ αἴθοπα οἶνον
Down my throat: but afore until now nought had I eaten.'
λαυκανίης καθέηκα· πάρος γε μὲν οὔ τι πεπάσμην."
  Thus sed-he, and Achilles bade his handmaids an' attendants
Ἦ ῥ', Ἀχιλεὺς δ' ἑτάροισιν ἰδὲ δμῳῇσι κέλευσε
Place bedsteads i' the south corridor, with mattresses and rugs
δέμνι' ὑπ' αἰθούσῃ θέμεναι καὶ ῥήγεα καλὰ
Of fair scarlet dye, and counterpanes spread above them:
πορφύρε' ἐμβαλέειν, στορέσαι τ' ἐφύπερθε τάπητας,
Also ther'on for night-apparel two warm woolly mantles.
χλαίνας τ' ἐνθέμεναι οὔλας καθύπερθεν ἕσασθαι.
So the women came torches in hand forth from the inner rooms,
αἱ δ' ἴσαν ἐκ μεγάροιο δάος μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσαι,
And working busilie laid out very quickly the two beds.
αἶψα δ' ἄρα στόρεσαν δοιὼ λέχε' ἐγκονέουσαι.

Then laughingly to godly Priam spake swift-foot Achilles.
τὸν δ' ἐπικερτομέων προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
  'I must lodge-thee without, dear sir; lest someone of our folk
"ἐκτὸς μὲν δὴ λέξο, γέρον φίλε, μή τις Ἀχαιῶν
Haply come in: 'tis ever some councillor asking an audience.
ἐνθάδ' ἐπέλθῃσιν βουληφόρος, οἵ τέ μοι αἰεὶ
And ther' is old counsel when they sit with me debating.
βουλὰς βουλεύουσι παρήμενοι, ἣ θέμις ἐστί·
If one of all that flock chanc'd here i' the swift-shadowing night
τῶν εἴ τίς σε ἴδοιτο θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν,

To Agamemnon, pastor of the host,
He straight would blab ; then haply would there be
A putting off of ransoming the corse.

'A GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD'
1821

But come, tell me this, & declare it accurately ; how many days dost thou desire to perform the obsequies of the noble Hector, that so long I may myself remain quiet, & restrain the people.'

Whom answered then Priam, the godlike old man : 'If indeed thou be now willing that we celebrate a funeral to the noble Hector, by thus doing, O Achilles, thou dost things surely giving delight to me. . . .

* * * * * *

Thee to espy, 'tw[d] reach the shepherd, their great Agamemnon,
αὐτίκ' ἂν ἐξείποι Ἀγαμέμνονι ποιμένι λαῶν,
And there might be delay in accomplishing our agreement.
καί κεν ἀνάβλησις λύσιος νεκροῖο γένηται.
But come, tell thy mind to me nor make scruple about it,
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ καὶ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεξον,
How many days thou'rt fain to devote to the mourning of Hector,
ποσσῆμαρ μέμονας κτερεϊζέμεν Ἕκτορα δῖον,
That for so long a time I await & from battle abstain.'
ὄφρα τέως αὐτός τε μένω καὶ λαὸν ἐρύκω."

Whom answer'd then again god-like Priam, Ilyon's old king.
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
'If thou nobly desire me to bate my son's honour in nought,
"εἰ μὲν δή μ' ἐθέλεις τελέσαι τάφον Ἕκτορι δίῳ,
Scarce, Achilles, couldst thou with a greater kindness attach me. . . .
ὧδέ κέ μοι ῥέζων, Ἀχιλεῦ, κεχαρισμένα θείης. . . .

* * * * * *

NOTES

CHAP. I

ON THE VIRGIL

LINE 268. IBANT. 'And suddenly they were walking.' That is, the vision induced by the magic began, and it seemed to them that they were walking, &c. '*Ils se trouvaient*': and thus Dante, '*Mi ritrovai*'. But the words used to translate *Ibant* must throw no doubt on the reality of the ensuing scenes. *Ibant* is therefore difficult to translate, since the English equivalent 'They were walking' is out of key with the diction, being in our poetry too colloquial to carry a severe interpretation.

290. CORRIPIT. The simple and almost inevitable meaning of these lines (290–291) is that Æneas drew his sword. But he was walking with his sword drawn in his hand, see line 260, *Tuque invade viam, vaginaque eripe ferrum.* We must therefore either blame the poet for an inconsistency in his picture, or interpret *corripit* by 'firmlier grasped' or some such phrase.

In the first case, it would seem that the two passages cannot have been written consecutively, or else that the intervening description (273–89), being a composite piece of work, had interrupted the thought, so that the picture of Æneas in Virgil's mind had faded or shifted. I am myself inclined to this opinion, and have had no hesitation in

changing the offending word in my paraphrase, since, apart from the necessary consistency, the maintenance of Æneas' intended attitude is preferable, as having more dignity and less disturbance of the figure.

In the second case, it seems to me that the defence of *corripit* exposes Virgil to the charge of choosing an unsuitable word (compare note on 453).

320. Remis verrvnt. An unfortunate 'Castalianism' characteristic of the Augustans. Here the conventional 'poetic' periphrasis is out of propriety and confuses the picture with a wrong suggestion: because it was not intended that the shades should row themselves across, nor were there any oars. The ambiguity of *linquunt ripas* is also weak.

359. Gravatvm. By the lowest estimate Palinurus must have been sixty hours in the water. Counting the night on which he fell overboard (say at 3 a.m.) as the first night, he was aswim the two following days and nights, and then on the next morning (*lumine quarto*, that is the fourth day counting the first night as a day) he scarcely saw the Italian mountains from the top of a wave. *Vix* is of uncertain but easy interpretation; and he may be supposed to have seen Italy early on that morning, and to have got ashore some time in the afternoon of that day (say 3 p.m.), which makes 48 + 12 hours.

This, the most economical calculation, makes line 359 somewhat absurd, because the forward and accentuated position of *gravatum* in the description is equivalent to Palinurus' alleging that a main reason why he could not defend himself against the attack of armed savages was that his clothes were heavy with the salt-water; whereas the

honest and sufficient cause of his inactivity was, or would have been, his exhaustion after sixty hours' immersion in a rough and wintry sea (I take 'wintry' from *hibernas* in line 355): his getting ashore at all was a miracle.

His long swim is copied closely from the similar adventure of Ulysses in Odyssey V: and I do not now know why I reduced it in my paraphrase. A friend told me that in his opinion Palinurus was intended to brag or exaggerate throughout his tale—and *hibernas* would perhaps be an example—; but I see nothing in his mood to make that desirable: and I suppose that I wished to render him what little service I could. I now regard the liberty that I took as a needless inaccuracy.

It is of course true that *gravatum* is very pictorial, and if Virgil had been painting a fresco, the clinging and dripping clothes would have been of first importance. But Æneas did not see this in his Vision; nor can Palinurus have been likely to dwell on the pictorial qualities of his adventure: and it is uncomfortable to have to think of his appealing to Æneas' feelings by such an indirect and uncertain mode of presentation.

366. VELIJA. Virgil uses the adjective *Velinos* at the end of the line: and since it was imperative to keep the place-name in its position I have lengthened the penultimate syllable. To the English reader the matter is indifferent, and I suppose that the Greek Epic adjectival form would be Fελεία.

453. SVRGERE. Without any doubt the setting new moon is intended, and the simile is one of the most beautifully handled in all poetry. As the word *surgere* means 'to rise', it seems to be unfortunately used here in its more unusual sense to the exclusion of its primary and specially astronomical

sense. It is of course impossible that Virgil should have confounded the rising with the setting of the moon, and the only explanation must be that the secondary sense of the word (implying merely sudden appearance) was so common as to admit of its use even in these apparently forbidding conditions. Mr. Mackail would explain *surgere* as 'come to the surface'.

618. PHLEGIAS. 'The learning and critical sagacity of Bishop Warburton' supply the following note on this name.

'The Phlegiae here mentioned, I take to be those people of Boeotia spoke of by Pausanias, who attempting to plunder the temple of Apollo at Delphi, were almost all destroyed by lightning, earthquakes, and pestilence: hence Phlegiae, I suppose, signified impious, sacrilegious persons in general, and is so to be understood here.' I quote this peculiar elucidation not only for its originality and grammatical interest, but because I imagine that some of my learned friends will think it in suitable company amongst my own lucubrations.

698 and 700. TER CONATVS. Three lines are here repeated from ii. 792, where Æneas narrates his meeting with Creusa's shade before leaving Troy. The result of their re-employment here is disastrous. The situation, though of unimpeded and almost leisurely movement, arrives at a crisis of intense emotion, which is not communicable through a formula. Indeed, even without the previous experiments on Creusa, Æneas would not have made three attempts to embrace his father: the first shock at finding that the figure was incorporeal would have overwhelmed him; nor could he have quickly recovered. Observe the effect on the story: the situation being missed,

the narration takes no heed of it, but continues *Interea videt*, which seems to mean that while Æneas was making these ineffectual attempts to embrace his father, he was also observing what was going on in another place. I believe that we have here an example of the common artistic flaws that come of copying, that is of adopting a ready-made form accidentally suggested by the memory, instead of the spontaneous phrasing of the present feeling. Had Æneas' true emotion been really imagined and honestly described, then *Interea* would have been even more impossible to Virgil than it was to me in following him. The way in which my paraphrase avoids the bathos will illustrate these remarks.

Mr. Mackail tells me that he thinks *Interea* is a proof that this passage had not received its final form; and that is what I should contend, namely that it is one of those passages which Virgil must have desired to correct. And Mr. Mackail believes that the recurrence of the *Ter conatus* passage would not have been allowed by Virgil, but that in his revision he would have omitted it from one of the two places: my objections point also to the same conclusion.

The *Ter conatus* passage is taken by Virgil from the Odyssey (xi. 206), where Ulysses meets his own mother's shade in Hades; and it is likely enough that it was written into the two places in the Æneid tentatively.

Note also that in line 698, *Teque amplexu ne subtrahe nostro*, the economy of making Æneas use to his father the same phrase which he had so very lately and ineffectively used to Dido (l. 465) is unworthy.

893. SVNT GEMINAE. This passage on the Dream-gates is taken from the Odyssey (xix. 562, &c.), where Penelope talking with Ulysses, while he is still unrecognized by her, moralizes

on the vanity of her dreams. The passage there is of eight lines.

> Two gates there are in heaven of shadowy dreams,
> One pair of ivory wrought and one of horn :
> And dreams that through the ivory come to men
> Are cheating, and show things that shall not be ;
> But such as through the polished horn fly down
> Are true in issue to their glad beholders :—
> But thence came not my strange dream, as I fear,
> Welcome as 'twere to me and to my son.

The use that Virgil has made of it here has caused much discussion ; but in one respect the intention is clear and the effect good. Æneas' vision of Hades, induced by magical means in the Sibyl's cave, had appeared real to him, and had been so described. His sudden awaking to ordinary life was the only opportunity that the poet had of denoting the unreality of the previous scenes, and Virgil with his usual artistic resource has made a beauty of the difficulty, and by passing Æneas and the Sibyl out of Hades by the false dream-gate he excuses the pessimism and contradictions of his mythical tales ; which, as an Epicurean, he would have wished to do.

The unsatisfactory side of the device is that it does not suit that part of the vision which I have not translated, from line 752 onwards, which is a prophecy by Anchises concerning the future of Rome. This, since it was drawn from actual history, and owed its value to its truth, could not be called a false dream. If any dreams can be called true, this was one. The connexion, as it appears in my paraphrase, omitting the prophecy, is satisfactory : so that if one could imagine that the prophecy was not a part of the

original design, but was interpolated, then we should have an explanation; but I see no reason to suppose this: for if the Marcellus episode was added it was added because there was the place for it.

The word *falsa* cannot be explained away or mitigated, and there would seem to be no resolution of the difficulty, unless we are content to admit that Æneas and the Sibyl could not go out by both gates, and that the ivory gate was the more suitable of the two.

It is probably forgotten that the Sibyl had warned Æneas that the descent to Hades was easy enough but the return difficult: whereas he found all his difficulty in getting down, and escaped at a gesture.

In writing the above criticisms I have had in my mind the old tradition that Virgil just before his death said that he wished the manuscript of the Æneid to be destroyed. There is no doubt that it lacked his final correction. Throughout the poem there are places where a sentence ends in the midst of an unfinished line, and the narrative is taken up by a full line, leaving a gap in the metre; and it is probable enough that these are gaps between two sections written separately and never welded together, and that if Virgil had lived to correct his poem he would have filled in those metric gaps: these are probabilities; and students find other traces of fracture or imperfect union in places where the eye is no guide. It is a certainty that these gaps and fractures are not errors of which Virgil could have been ashamed; they cannot have been the ground of his wish that his whole poem should be destroyed. Whatever his main objection to his poem may have been, passages such

as some that I have criticized must have been among the things that he wished to remedy; unless indeed some of them may be due to the friends who put his poem together for publication. An alternative is that my criticisms are wrong; which I must leave the reader to judge: but if he should judge me ill-affected or irreverent or presumptuous in making them, I can only think that he has not a proper estimate of Virgil's artistic eminence—which is truly such that nothing can possibly damage it, certainly not such little nibbles as mine. The more one studies his art the more one must admire it; but a student who does not see the flaw of an unfitness cannot be credited with being able to perceive fully the dazzling clarity and the marvel of his beauties; nor would Virgil have felt much honoured by the delight and pleasure of a reader who could not distinguish.

CHAP. II

NOTES ON THE HOMER

The note on the 700th line of the sixth Æneid shows one disadvantage of the epic practice of exactly repeating the same verbal description in similar situations. This practice Virgil took—as he took the lines in question—from Homer, in whose epic such repetitions are characteristic. Every speech, for instance, is generally introduced by a whole line, which ushers the speaker by name and gives his titles: and the recurrence of these lines is very prominent.

If one were to translate Homer it would be a folly as well as a fault not to copy this practice exactly. For every recurrent line the translator should compose one as closely corresponding as possible, and employ his substitute wherever the original recurred : and in this way he would be able to reproduce very closely one prominent if not important Homeric effect.

I have not absolutely adhered to this rule in my paraphrase : my reason being that in a short passage (such as I have rendered) the disadvantages of this poetic form appear, while its accumulated effect is lacking. I have therefore used it only where there was no disadvantage. I will give some instances of my refusing it.

When Hermes meets Priam on the plain, he says that he wonders that the King should venture so near to the Greek camp. What if he should be discovered ? and his line is (366)

Τῶν εἴ τίς σε ἴδοιτο θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν.

An hour or so after this occurrence Priam is sitting with Achilles, and Achilles apologizes for not offering him a bed within the house, explaining that the Grecian counselmongers often look in of an evening, and might discover him, and he repeats Hermes' line

Τῶν εἴ τίς σε ἴδοιτο θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν.

Unless the reader or hearer has become quite accustomed to the convention, the effect here is most distracting. It is needless to point out the ambiguities of the distraction.

Again, here is another example of a somewhat different kind : when Hermes, talking with Priam, begins two of his speeches with these identical words πειρᾷ ἐμεῖο, γεραιέ : and the

effect is very good. But πειρᾷ has not exactly the same meaning in both cases. In the first it means 'you would test me, by your questions, to discover whether I am the person whom I pretend to be', and in the second 'you would tempt me, and seek to bribe me with a gift.' The Greek word may cover both meanings; but even if we had a simple word, capable of being taken equally well in both senses, it would be foolish to use it at the cost of a straightforward distinction: because the prominent recurrence of the expression suggests and courts identical interpretation. The repetition has unquestionable force, but it is simpler and better to ensure distinction.

Again, here is another different kind of example. The line that introduces Hermes' speeches is

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης,

and supposing the English of Ἀργειφόντης to be 'slayer of Argus', then, if this term is used in line 432, the place-name Argos comes in, five lines lower down, with an uncomfortable blurr: and it was for that reason that I refused the recurrent line in 432.

I have given my motives for departing from the original in these places, because it might else seem that I had been careless or reckless in such matters. See also notes on ll. 506 and 595.

385. Σὸς πάϊς. Attentive readers will be arrested by these words, and object, first, that Hermes is acting his part very ill, and secondly that Priam is dull in not perceiving this betrayal of his disguise. The patient examination which my translating involved led me to judge that all this dialogue between Hermes and Priam is a very careful piece

of work, and I will give my explanation for what it is worth.

When they first meet (l. 360) Hermes of course knows Priam, while Priam does not immediately recognize Hermes: but he has been warned that Hermes will meet him, and during Hermes' first speech he makes the identification. His reply to Hermes is masterly. He knows that he must not openly recognize the god and expose his disguise, but he is bound to treat him as a god, and cannot do this without letting Hermes see that he is recognized. This he manages with great skill, and Hermes' answer (379),

Ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, γέρον, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπας,

almost seems as if Hermes was capable of appreciating Priam's good manners.

The situation is now changed: Hermes, assured that Priam will understand him, is at liberty to mix up his two characters and to say whatever he may choose; while Priam is obliged to maintain his double attitude of understanding and pretending to be deceived. There is therefore nothing wrong in Hermes' recognizing Priam, (which in his assumed disguise he had no mortal means of doing; nor could have ventured to do, had not Priam allowed him to see that he was recognized;) nor is there any reason for Priam to be surprised, when Hermes speaks of Hector as 'thy son' (385). But Priam takes this virtual abnegation of disguise as a hint that Hermes is willing to throw it off; so he asks him plainly (387) who he really is:

Τίς δὲ σύ ἐσσι, φέριστε;

φέριστε is admirable,—I have ventured to render it by a military title, because Hermes had spoken as a soldier,—but

Hermes is not willing to relinquish his show of deceit, and says very cleverly

πειρᾷ ἐμεῖο, γεραιέ,

which has a double signification: the one that appears in the simple context, consistent with the pretence that he is unrecognized, while the other implies the recognition, i.e. 'you must not ask me to reveal myself': and he goes on with a long fable of who he is, and how he happens to be there. He wishes to personify one of Achilles' servants. Priam then questions him on matters which, as Achilles' servant, he is likely to know.

Hermes informs him, in reply, that the gods are protecting Hector's body: an assurance which, in his character of god, he was well able to give: and Priam is duly grateful, and in his reply is devotional and pious (425), 'See, lad, how good it is to offer gifts to the gods': and he clinches this by offering a gift to Hermes.

There seems to be no further complexity in their relations: Hermes is pleased with himself, and his conduct is that of an immortal; and when he leaves Priam in the courtyard of Achilles' house, his revelation is formal, his advice in the manner of omniscient instruction, and he goes off without waiting for Priam's thanks.

All this explanation seems to imply more elaboration and ingenuity than Homer is usually credited with: but logical explanations are necessarily more elaborate than the instinctive rightnesses which they explain: and there is a vast improbability in the supposition that these apparent inconsistencies should have fortuitously grouped themselves so as to be capable of such a consistent resolution. Priam is throughout a model of perfect courtesy, and is pictured with great

tenderness and sympathy: and Hermes' character is also richly illustrated, not only in the childish pleasure which he takes in his disguise, apparently for its own sake as a form of deceit, but also in the unconscious betrayal of his essential dishonesty when he would act the faithful servant; for when he scorns Priam's gift as an attempt to bribe him from his allegiance to his master, he is not ashamed to state that his motive for honesty is his fear of detection, and this simple Hobbsy view of human morality is in character. Hermes is the unconscious butt of Priam's imperturbable courtesy: and since Priam does not speak to him again after this awkward blunder, we must wish to be allowed to think that the poet considered it as a final stroke. If we could think that, we should be in very close personal relation with Homer.

459. Ἐξ ἵππων δ' ἀπέβαινε. I have omitted these words in my paraphrase because I do not see how Hermes can have been in the chariot after having opened the gate. The possible explanation is so awkward that it is much better not to require it.

469. ἆλτο. I do not quite like this of Priam.

506 and 508. Line 506 is sometimes translated as I have rendered it, but this is not the meaning of the Greek words. What happens is this: In line 478 Priam embraces Achilles' knees and kisses his hands; in his speech that follows we must suppose that he has relinquished that attitude, and then in line 506 he raises his hands towards Achilles' face in suppliant gesture. That this is intended is shown by line 508, where the translation must be that Achilles took hold of Priam's raised hand and thrust it gently from him, in reluctance which (after giving way to his grief) he overcame in line 515. But line 505, in which Priam says that he

'braved what none other man on earth hath braved before' (Lang-Leaf-Myers' tr.) must refer to his former action of kissing the hand that slew his son, since it is not true of the common suppliant's gesture of the moment: indeed it is impossible to suppose that it does not refer to the kissing of the murderous hand. I chose in my paraphrase to mistranslate both lines rather than miss the greater meaning.

595. My paraphrase exhibits a translator attempting to improve on his author. Homer makes Achilles say

Σοὶ δ' αὖ ἐγὼ καὶ τῶνδ' ἀποδάσσομαι ὅσσ' ἐπέοικεν,

which is rendered in Samuel Butler's version

And I will share it equitably with you,

and in Lang-Leaf-Myers

Whereof I will deal to thee again thy rightful share.

Perhaps some of my readers may possibly make allowance for the very real temptation which besets a translator in such a case. The conditions forbid absolutely literal translation, and for this reason, if for no other, he is constantly falling below his original, nor can any one blame him for 'introducing' such falls, for they are to be assumed as unavoidable. It appears to me that it is unfair to refuse him the chance that he may have here and there of heightening a passage, when the balance is so constantly against him. This is an example, and I contend that my line is consistent with Achilles' attitude to Patroclus, and more expressive of it than the original, and more poetic.

CHAP. III

ON THE TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASE

By giving specimens of the numerous English translations of the Æneid I primarily intended to make it easy to compare my hexameters with the various other verse-forms employed for the same purpose on the same material; that is, they were to be examples of method; and the scraps of prose-translation, which are generally more Virgilian and more poetic than the verse, might, I thought, here and there serve those who cannot read Latin to check the fidelity of my paraphrase. But I was disappointed at not finding more metrical versions to sample. There would indeed have been more had I been dealing with the first book; but so many of the verse-translators who started at the *Arma virumque* proved short-winded, and fell out at the end of the first or second lap, that my actual rivals in the sixth book were far fewer than I had anticipated. Still the miscellany may be amusing enough to justify the trouble that the copying entailed.

The apportioning of the selections was determined very much by chance; since any real display of taste or choice, or even of justice in the arrangement would imply acquaintance with the different versions, and I had, so far as I can remember, never read a line of any of them except one: the exception being my friend Mr. Mackail's prose version, of which (in the absence of all books of reference) I obtained a copy when I had reached line 454.[1] I must

[1] If there are more correspondences between our translations after that place than before it, this may be due to my finding his vocabulary useful. Earlier ones are coincidences, and Shakespeare's 'viewless winds' was inevitable to both of us.

however have many times come into contact with Dryden's version: but I have a natural repugnance to that author's style, and found it reinforced by his preface to the volume which I used; wherein he pompously informed me that Tasso was a finer poet than Dante.

It was in the dog-days of 1906,[1] when Oxford was deserted, that I took up with this pastime. My simple procedure was to get out the volume of the Bodleian catalogue containing Virgil, and to require all the English translations in the order of the index. Naturally Douglas came first, and I hold him worthy of that position: for 'glorious John' I chose the Dido episode, as likely to make him show his paces: to Morris I allotted the Elysian fields, and the picnic scene, as agreeable to his easy and breezy vein. Round such islands the new-comers spontaneously grouped themselves, until gradually the choice of what passage I should transcribe from any author became more and more determined by the lessening of the gaps at my disposal. I took the volumes in the order in which they happened to be supplied to me, and decided on the extracts without much comparison or revision: and though I used some discernment I committed one grave mistake, namely that I did not at once recognize the intrinsic value of such translators as King and Symonds. The reader of their regrettably short extracts will long for more. I am consoled to think that what little is given is very rich and typical, and that the blank-verse-translators really needed longer extracts to exhibit their more diluted characteristics. I am glad also of this proof that I did not do intentional injustice to any of them. Still it was an

[1] Hence Jackson's translation (1908) was inserted later, and owing to the kindness of a friend at the British Museum four or five other translations were subsequently worked in.

accident that I gave so much room to these plainer folk, and had I foreseen the failure of my material I should have been more generous to the heroics.

I have no appetite for translations; and these verse-extracts, most of which provoked the ingenuous laughter of my youthful copyist, are with very few exceptions *entirely* devoid not only of such poetic quality as contact with Virgil might have stimulated, but even of such technical perception and skill as could justify the effort to imitate him. I was constantly recalling the delightful dilemma with which Professor Sylvester posed a translator of Horace, 'If he thought the original was like that, what can he have seen in it to make him think that it was worth translating?' But the self-confidence with which many of these authors introduced themselves forced on me the uncomfortable reflection that I was probably in a like predicament—as indeed Professor Sylvester was, for all his genius—; but then, just as I was laughing and seeing myself as others will see me, the Devil suggested that I was not really in the same box with these men, firstly because *I had not set myself to translate Virgil*, but only to make quantitive hexameters, and had chosen the Æneid merely as heroic material for dactyls and spondees, and as a severe test of my experiment: and again because many of these translators had been fashionable in their day, and were esteemed to be excellent hands at the job, whereas I had already foretasted the reception which my performance would provoke. What vanity I have is of a kind that this distinction can comfort.

* * * * * *

The above (save for the few corrections implying a later date) is what I wrote at the time ten years ago at the foot of the fair copy of my Virgilian paraphrase, made at St. Moritz before Xmas 1905. The history of that experiment is that, when I was leaving England for Switzerland in the summer of 1905, a friend most thoughtfully presented me with an exquisitely printed little Virgil to glorify my leisure. The well-chosen gift lived in my pocket throughout my wanderings, and I must have read it from end to end more than once, before I determined to try what Stone's prosody would make of the Æneid. The dates on my fair draft of that are 'Begun Nov. 9, finished Dec. 19, 1905', and many lines of it were composed during delightful skating expeditions to the beautiful lakes before the first smooth transparent ice had been destroyed by the keener frosts of December.

The Homeric paraphrase, which is now set with that, was done later and under very different conditions, at home in the fine English summer of 1913, having been mostly pencilled in the hot sunshine on the lawn in front of my house. The dates on the fair copy, which I made day by day as I went on, show that it was begun on May 31, and that by June 7 I had completed 82 lines; and then, after two days interruption, continued until June 23, which is the last date recorded; but as it is 50 lines short of the end, the period should be extended three or four days longer. The Cento of Homeric translators was collected and completed in two visits to Bodley's library, May 12 and 16, 1914: which last record will deliver me from suspicion of partiality, though, I fear, not of the negligence of haste or impatience.

The foregoing particulars will interest friends who are curious to know from actual experiment whether the difficulties of this classical prosody are deterrent, for they can compare the result with the time expended. I am also myself interested in *le temps, qui ne fait rien à l'affaire*, because of the peculiar stamp of criticism that my classical imitations often provoke. I would not argue with my critics, who are generally more indulgent to me than I deserve, but one of their assumptions is that the difficulties of quantitive verse in English convicts it of pedantry—so that, according to them, the time does matter ; and George Chapman tells us that he wrote at the rate of 77 lines a day, whereas I wrote but a dozen.[1] My own opinion is that, especially in the present condition of English verse, all methodical experiments are of value, and that a competent experiment is of value even though it may not please. Again, in their judgement of rhythm, critics will frequently assume their own unfamiliarity to be a sufficient condemnation. With regard to this I wish to point out that it is, in my opinion, a mistake to think that the best translations of Greek verse are those which make it seem to be most like well written conventional English verse. If an English

[1] 'Thus with labour enough (though with more comfort in the merits of my divine Author) I have brought my translation of his Iliads to an end. If either therein, or in the harsh utterance, or matter of my comment before; I have, for haste, scatterd with my burden (lesse than fifteene weekes being the whole time, that the last twelve bookes translation stood me in) I desire my present will, and (I doubt not) hability (if God give life) to reform and perfect all hereafter, may be ingenuously accepted for the absolute worke. The rather, considering the most learned (with all their helpes and time) have been so often and unanswerably, miserably taken halting. In the meane time; that most assistful and unspeakable spirit, by whose thrice sacred conduct and inspiration, I have finished this labour, diffuse the fruitful horne of his blessings through these goodnesse-thirsting watchings; without which, utterly dry and bloodlesse is whatsoever Morality soweth' (p. 341, orig. edition).

reader, who is unable to read Greek, is to get a glimpse of what Homer is like, he must read something which does *not* remind him of Milton or Pope or Tennyson or Swinburne, because Homer does not do this. A reader of Homer is like a man in a dream, who enters into a world of strange beauty unlike that which every day besets him: he is far removed from the associations of modern art and civilization, and unless he is enthralled in that dreamlike charm, he has not entered within the magic circle.

This likening of the effect of Homer to the feeling of a dream satisfies me; because, if I set aside the pretentious phantasms of metaphysical significance, and again all merely nonsensical visions, and the nightmares of physical discomfort, then, in the happy dream-land between these, I find a world wherein the emotions are intensified to a supramundane purity and force, such as no human affection however perfect and sanctified can, except in the rarest moments of ecstasy, be found to attain. And I believe that my strongest waking imagination of the higher emotions owes very much to my dream-experiences of their power, just as I know that some of them have been much heightened or strengthened by pictures and statues and music.

Now I have no doubt that this pure efficacy of the emotions in our dreams is mainly due to the absence of all irrelevant impressions, and this is also the main secret of their force in art, and the reason why music is the most emotional of the arts.

It is not strange then if Homer's transcendent and remote art should remind us of a dream-world; and it follows that, if we would reproduce it, we must avoid all irrelevant impressions.

And this is not only the right mental attitude towards Homer, it is also the only comfortable and pleasant way of reading him; for it rids us at once of all the foolish objections of moralists, rationalists, and pedants; as for instance that the gods do not behave in a godly manner, or that there are any gods, or whatever other kind of snowball has been thrown at the temple.

It would seem from all this that a familiar and perfected modern verse-form must be a bad vehicle for a translation of Homer.

This argument does not apply to Virgil as fitly as it does to Homer, on account of the more modern and cultured thought-forms of Virgil's imitative epic; and his Augustan style bears some close resemblance to certain English schools of verse: but on the other hand it is unfair to Virgil to rob him of the chief outward similarity, on which he greatly relied to give Homeric form to his poem. If we look at the matter in this way, faithlessness to metric form is a greater injustice to Virgil than to Homer, who, although he may lose a greater thing, can better afford the loss.

A literal prose translation has then a much better chance of introducing the real Homer to an English reader than any translation in modern English verse-forms: and if the prose translators had appreciated the great structural importance of the line-unit, and had divided their prose into lengths corresponding with the line-subdivisions of the matter and sense in the original verse, it might have been contended that they had done the utmost that can be done; for their versions—supposing that their diction was competent—would then have lacked only in one thing, namely the rhythm: and it might be held that since that could not be

given accurately, it was better to omit it altogether than to substitute a deceptive makeshift.

And if we do not assent to this argument, it must be because we judge that the metric roll of the long verses is an essential part of the effect. Here is the field for experiment, and any one may try what he can do: and he may try the 'accentual Hexameter', of which there are examples in my Centos. Concerning that kind of verse I have only a few short comments to offer: First, that the vehicle seems better suited for lighter work; next that those who use it handle it so clumsily that the gulf between their amateurish product and the finished mastery of Homer's technique is greater than that made by any decent prose; and it is impossible but that they must have been blind to the value of one or other of the terms in comparison. Can they have thought that Homer wrote in their manner, or did they imagine that they were writing like Homer? Or perhaps they struck a balance, and hoped that Homer's verse was not very good, nor their own very bad.

In comparing Homer's hexameter with Virgil's we find a greater number of dactyls in the Greek. Exact enumeration is of no particular value; taking a hundred lines at random I found 3·7 as the figure for Homer's line, and 2·65 for Virgil. I had tried to make my English version of Homer more dactylic than my Virgilian paraphrase, and was rather disappointed when I counted up my dactyls, and found that whereas my Virgil gave 2·52, my Homer gave only 2·8. I do not know whether I could have done better: but in contrasting the syllabic effects in Virgil and Homer we must remember that the above figures are misleading, because the 'elided' syllables are pronounced in the Latin;

so that, if these be taken into account, we may perhaps estimate Virgil's verse as having 15·23 syllables in the line to Homer's 15·7 ; and thus the Latin is more like the Greek in this respect when read aloud, than it would seem to be if judged by the enumeration of trisyllabic feet. And supposing it to be worth while to imitate these hexameters at all, this makes a good motive for admitting 'Miltonic elision', which by the recognition of 'elided' syllables gives the same opportunity that Virgil had of lightening the effect of his more spondaic lines.

What is meant by using 'Miltonic elision' may be easily exhibited in an example. Thus in line 538 of my Homeric paraphrase I have

> And from th' old king's seizure his own hand gently disengaged.

the Miltonic 'elision' of *the* before *old* is allowed: but though written with an apostroph this *e* is pronounced; and the asyllabic syllable gives the effect of a dactyl.

*   *   *   *   *   *

CHAP. IV

P.S. *Oct.* 2, 1916.

On the day when the Prussians set out to destroy France and burgle Paris, this book was in the press, and up to p. 80 was in type, while the rest of it, as far as here, together with the indexes, was ready for printing. Like other peaceful chores it was laid aside, and it remained on the shelf until late in last year, when the Secretary to the Delegates, wishing to get it completed, put it again in hand, to be worked on as convenience allowed. It has loitered on up to the present point and date, when I find that I have two items which I wish to add. One is from a paper on the translation of Homer by Émile Littré, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1847, together with his experiment on the first book of the Iliad. Littré's contention is that Homer can only be translated into the language of a time which corresponded with the Homeric in ideals and manners, and this he finds in French of the thirteenth century. He ridicules the idea that this old French is barbarous, and says that the Greeks never made the mistake of supposing that the older forms of their own speech were barbarous and ungrammatical. Littré even affirms that the older French is the better. He begins his translation thus:—

Chante l'ire, ô déesse, d'Achille fil Pélée
Greveuse et qui aux Grecs fit maux tant merveilleux,
Livrant à Pluton l'ame maint guerrier généreux
Et le corps aux vautours et aux chiens en curée :
Ainsi de Jupiter s'accomplit la pensée,
Du jour où la querelle primerain fut levée
D'Atride roi des hommes, d'Achille fil des dieux.

His second section is, *De la langue du XIIIe siècle & des facilités qu'elle offre pour la traduction d'Homère.* This section begins with a quotation from M. Egger which I am very glad to have in my book: I remember M. Egger as an old man, Professor of Greek at the Sorbonne, I think, when I was in Paris nearly fifty years ago. His lectures on Herodotus, some of which I attended, were full of delightful enthusiasm; and I recall especially how one day, after an elaborate discussion on the meaning of some particle, he protested that such niceties were not pedantic, 'for', he said, 'unless you understand exactly the bearing of these little words as Herodotus uses them, you can never appreciate the delicacy of his mind.' I got to have the same sort of affection for him as he had for Herodotus.

He writes thus:—

'Le talent n'est pas tout pour réussir dans une traduction; les œuvres de ce genre ont d'ordinaire leur siècle d'à-propos, qui, une fois passé, revient bien rarement. A un certain âge de leur développement respectif, deux langues (j'entends celles de deux peuples civilisés) se répondent par des caractères analogues, et cette ressemblance des idiomes est la première condition du succès pour quiconque essaie de traduire un écrivain vraiment original. Le génie même n'y saurait suppléer. S'il en est ainsi, on nous demandera à quelle époque de son histoire, déjà ancienne, notre langue fut digne de reproduire Homère. Nous répondons sans hésiter, comme sans prétendre au paradoxe: Si la connaissance du grec eût été plus répandue en Occident durant le moyen-âge, et qu'il se fût trouvé au XIIIe ou au XIVe siècle en France un poète capable de comprendre les chants du vieux rapsode ionien et assez courageux pour les traduire, nous aurions aujourd'hui de l'Iliade et de l'Odyssée la copie la plus conforme au génie de l'antiquité. L'héroïsme chevaleresque, semblable par tant de traits à celui des héros d'Homère,

s'était fait une langue à son image, langue déjà riche, harmonieuse, éminemment descriptive, s'il n'y manquait l'empreinte d'une imagination puissante et hardie. On le voit bien aujourd'hui par ces nombreuses chansons de geste qui sortent de la poussière de nos bibliothèques : c'est le même ton de narration sincère, la même foi dans un merveilleux qui n'a rien d'artificiel, la même curiosité de détails pittoresques ; des aventures étranges, de grands faits d'armes longuement racontés, peu ou point de tactique sérieuse, mais une grande puissance de courage personnel, une sorte d'affection fraternelle pour le cheval, compagnon du guerrier, le goût des belles armures, la passion des conquêtes, la passion moins noble du butin et du pillage, l'exercice généreux de l'hospitalité, le respect pour la femme, tempérant la rudesse de ces mœurs barbares ; telles sont les mœurs vraiment épiques auxquelles il n'a manqué que le pinceau d'un Homère'—

on which Littré remarks:

'Rien n'est plus vrai et on ne saurait mieux dire.'

My second addendum comes to me from the Literary Supplement of *The Times*, Oct. 12, 1916. On p. 492 a reviewer writes : 'The late Mr. Flecker, in his fragment of the sixth book (of the Æneid), indicated the kind of thing which the present age demands' in a translation of Virgil : and on p. 489 Mr. J. C. Squire selects from Mr. James Elroy Flecker's translation the following passage [cp. p. 25, ll. 298 and following, in this volume] :—

Here keeps watch
That wild and filthy pilot of the marsh
Charon, from whose rugged old chin trails down
The hoary beard of centuries : his eyes
Are fixed, but flame. His grimy cloak hangs loose
Rough-knotted at the shoulder ; his own hands

Pole on the boat, or tend the sail that wafts
His dismal skiff and its fell freight along.
Ah, he is old, but with that toughening eld
That speaks his godhead ! To the bank and him
All a great multitude came pouring down,
Brothers and husbands and the proud-souled heroes,
Life's labour done ; and boys, and unwed maidens
And the young men by whose flame funeral
Parents had wept. Many as leaves that fall
Gently in autumn when the sharp cold comes
Or all the birds that flock at the turn o' the year
Over the ocean to the lands of light
They stood and prayed each one to be first taken ;
They stretched their hands for love of the other side,
But the grim sailor takes now these, now those. . . .

FINIS

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NOTE ON STONE'S PROSODY

For those who are interested in Stone's system of classical prosody in English, I give the following particulars.

In the year 1899 William Johnstone Stone published a tract 'On the use of Classical Metres in English' (Frowde). He died in 1901, leaving me bound by a promise that I would give his system a trial. *Ex hypothesi* I worked at first entirely on his lines, and only gradually discovered and eliminated what I considered the faults in his scheme.

In the *Monthly Review*, July 1903, I printed my experiment 'Epistle to a Socialist in London' and accompanied that with a 'Summary' of Stone's Prosody, showing his laws with my modifications up to that date. I now reprint this, accompanied by my later observations and modifications. I will set them in two columns, the old summary on the left, with the criticism on the right.

Summary 1903

NOTE.—It is a very common opinion that accent takes the place of quantity in English. Stone's system sets out by absolutely denying this. It is therefore remarkable that of the following sixteen rules, eight are concerned with quantity in some way determined by accent.

Observations 1916

The machines that now record speech may be relied on to settle all disputed points.

I. OF VOWEL-SOUNDS LONG BY NATURE

1. These are A (*father*), EI (*vale . day .*), E (*being . green .*), I (*bite . my .*), O (*moat . hope .*), U and YU (*pool . union .*), AW (*awful . all .*), OW (*how . bough .*), OI (*joy .*), and the slight varieties of these produced by a following R, as *h*EI*r*, *h*E*re*, *fire*, *b*O*re*, *p*U*re*, *l*O*rd*.

Long vowels may keep their quality and yet, if unaccented, be in a doubtful condition of quantity. That is, they may often be fitly pronounced either long or short, and in some cases they are quite short, especially when following the word-accent, as the second YU in accumŭlate.

2. A vowel followed immediately by another vowel in the same word is long when accented, *piety*: when unaccented it can be long only when it precedes the word-accent, *preeminent*, never when following it, *following*.

This is untrue to fact. Stone's example itself, *piety*, is wrong: for the I is short although it is both long in quality and accented. In this the English rule seems to be like the Greek. Whatever exceptions there may be, the rule would seem to be that all vowels (and even diphthongs) whether accented or unaccented are shortened before a naked vowel, e.g. *gŏing*, *idĕal*, *pĭety*, *pŏetry*, and even *allĭance*. And thus *whŏ inherit*, but where, as in this last

SUMMARY 1903

3. The sound ERR (however spelt) is long when it is accented, *demur:* when unaccented it is short before a vowel, *genĕrate*, *buttĕr and eggs:* long before a consonant, *bifūrcate.*

4. All other vowel-sounds, not here enumerated, are short.

5. Note that degraded unaccented vowels are always short by nature: their spellings must not mislead; thus *rumoŭr*, *passăge*, *tortoĭse.*

OBSERVATIONS 1916

case, the condition is between two words, then if the vowel in question be accented strongly by the sense it will keep its long quantity, as

> Yoú have a soul's paradise.
> Naý, and since possession.

See also note 13.

ER when unaccented and pronounced as a single vowel may be treated as such, and be short before a consonant, and sometimes it is very short, as in

> Ovĕr the ocean,

but there are all degrees. Compare *Answĕr conundrums*, *masterly*, *weaker.* For remarks on this sound see note to rule 14.

In words like *labour*, commonly pronounced with an indeterminate vowel, the question is whether in good speech this vowel is really quite the same as e.g. in *weaker:* if not it may be better to treat it as long before a consonant, e.g. *labour-market.*

II. SHORT VOWELS LENGTHENED BY POSITION

6. A short vowel followed by two or more consonants makes a long syllable, when one at least of the consonants is sounded with it. This condition, in which the vowel is said to be *propped* by the consonant, occurs, First, when the consonants cannot all be spoken with the next syllable, as *improve*, *contain:* but *ă-sleep*, *rĕ-tract:* secondly, when the short vowel is accented, in which case it will always attract one of the consonants, *dis-tant.*

7. This rule applies to all true compound consonantal sounds [but not to the simple consonantal combinations of H, see below,

Summary 1903

rule 9], and includes CH = *tsh*, J = *dg*, QU = *kw*, and consonants followed by the impure U = *yu*. Short vowels followed by these combinations make long syllables when they carry the word-accent, but short when they do not—e.g. *rĭches*, but *thíngs whĭch are: imāgine*, but *encóurăging: lĭquid*, but *óblŏquy: rĕgular*, but *ăttune* (= *atyún*).

8. When these syllables occur in polysyllables which contain a secondary accent, they may apparently be spoken either long or short, as *rĕgulátion, măgistérial, míserăbly*.

9. H counts as a consonant, where it is used at full power, as in *happy, unhappy:* but it sometimes has a lesser force which must be distinguished as in *ăt-home*. It does not count as a consonant in the sounds represented by TH, DH, SH, ZH, PH, WH.

10. NG is a single letter, except when the sound of G is truly present; thus *sĭnger*, but *fĭnger*.

11. Z is a single letter in English.

12. Doubled consonants do not make position unless they are both pronounced (as in *in-nate, ful-ly*). They occur in a haphazard way in English spelling to show that the preceding vowel is short—e.g., *happy, rapid . . . shoddy, body . . . muddy, study . . . Billy, sensibility . . . rabbit, habit . . .*, &c.

Observations 1916

Thus *said he* = *sĕddĕ*. The H of *have* is generally very weak, and completely gives way when it comes alongside other initial H's, as *he had heard*. While the undoubted consonantal H must always be observed, other cases seem to vary and allow liberty.

That is the preceding *accented* vowel.

III. ELISION AND LIQUID ENDINGS

13. The use of true speech contractions (such as *they've, I'll*) is a matter of taste. Poetic synaloephe is disallowed between words. Instances of synaloephe within words may be seen in *obedient, egregious*, which count as trisyllables though all the vowels (reckoning *ou* as one vowel) are heard: but it has ceased to exist in such words as *nation, conscience, ancient*, which are disyllables in which the *i* has no value as a vowel, its only function being to affect

The Latin practice of synaloephe between words was used by Milton and is permissive in syllabic verse, that is, its use is optional; and Milton extends the practice to the semivowels. I have experimented with the Miltonic 'elision' in my Homeric paraphrase, and it seems to help the English hexameter by introducing the effect of trisyllabic feet. I do not know whether it would suit other metres as well.

Summary 1903

the preceding consonant. There are all shades of difference in the speech-condition of such colliding vowels; thus *terrestrial* must be a quadrisyllable, but *celestial* will be doubtful, to be classed either with *obedient* or with *terrestrial*.

Where synaloephe within the word is possible, it cannot be forbidden. In some words, *onion*, *million*, *familiar*, the *i* seems to have become a consonantal *y*. Such words must scan as ūn-yŏn, mīl-yŏn, fămīl-yăr, and will fall under rule 7.

14. The terminations LE, RE, scan exactly as if spelt EL, ER, falling into line with all other liquid endings—e.g. *garden*, *solemn*. Since the vocalization of the liquid is certainly closed by a consonantal liquid, they are considered as true syllables, thus *gārdĕn* = *guārd ĭt*.

Observations 1916

In these examples ER is not in the same condition as the other endings EL, EM, EN, for which last we may accept Stone's rule, although these unaccented terminations contain no true vowel, but are merely vocalized liquids. There is no difference between their endings in *solemn deed*, and *schism dull*, these are sŏl'm̄ and schĭs'm̄. In such paroxytone pyrrhics (i.e. ⏑́ ⏑) as *battle*, *bosom*, *prison* (bat'l, buz'm, priz'n) the finals are more lengthened than in trochaic words (–́ ⏑) like *able*, *freedom*, *garden*.

As for ER, when before vowels, the R is trilled and preserved, and it obeys Stone's rule 3, but when a consonant follows, the R is not trilled, and the ER seems to be a short vowel (a sort of *ă*), so that it is questionable whether it would not be better to treat it frankly as such in quantitive prosody. I have followed Stone's rule, and his practice has some advantages. Compare, e.g.

> Wĭth ă dĕsīre hāstĕth

and

> Whĭthĕr dĕsīre hāstĕth,

in which last (as in *rĭver*, *rĭvĕr-bānk*) the rule for paroxytone pyrrhics seems to lengthen the ER.

IV. MONOSYLLABLES

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15. Monosyllabic proclitics and enclitics, in parting with their accent, often become short; thus *tŏ bĕ lét*, *gíve mĕ*, &c., *you* and *thee* can be in the same condition as *prithee*, *may it please you = príthĭ*, *pléase yŭ*. Also *for* and *or* are generally short before vowels.

16. In English special rules are needed for such important monosyllables as are short by rule but undoubtedly often spoken so as to occupy more time than can be allowed for a short syllable. It must be recognized that all these syllables are by nature short, and will, under some circumstances, preserve their brevity, but that, owing to their importance in the sentence, they are much more frequently dwelt upon, and made to occupy the longer time. Examples are *Man*, *Love*, *Will*, *Bless*, *back*, &c.

The general rule for such words seems to be that when they end in a semi-vowel or in a spirant, that is, with any consonant whose sound can be 'produced', they owe their length to the production of this consonant: it is often written double (as *Bless . will .*), but it would perhaps be simpler to accent such words. Words ending in mutes or consonants which cannot be held on, should, if used long before a vowel, be accredited with a double consonant, as *back . odd*.

Oxytone disyllables may be held to follow the same rule as these monosyllables, thus *posséss = pŏsēss*.

The word *God* may be regarded as an exception; though there is in fact more *d* in it than in the word *goddess* there will be no reason to double the *d*. That this word, when shorn of its importance, is really a short syllable, may be heard in the following lines:

> '*Will the flame you're so rich in*
> *Make a fire in the kitchen?*
> *Or the little gŏd of love turn the spit, spit, spit?*'

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